

SEPTEMBER 1974  
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# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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J. Edgar Hoover**

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## ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

Getting back to the wine diet

Several times in this corner, and most recently in August, 1973, I have ventured the opinion that wine helps maintain body weight, but that's not true for those who must count their calories and watch their weight. Since I'm neither dietician nor physician, I've never tried to push this pet notion as being anything more, or, often, less, than it was. The result of a one-man survey I've merely cited the fact that I've been dieting for the last forty years, except for four years in Switzerland when I didn't have to - and I've long cherished, and often won't, the thought that the only reason I didn't have to diet there, and have always had to over here, was that all my food there was roasted and washed down with wine.

Avoid from an occasional letter from somebody saying he'd had a similar experience, I've never been able to interest anybody in my further pursuit of the thought that the calories and calculated use of wine could be exhibited as an aid to either a refusing or a maintaining diet.

New I learn that, at last, somebody else has been able to provide the scientific basis for this very idea that I could only say had worked for me, without being able to explain why.

This fall, under the aegis of the Wine Advisory Board, and with the combined resources of Abelson-Schuman Ltd. of New York and Piper of San Francisco, there will appear *The Wine Diet Cookbook* by Dr. Selwyn Dr. Lucas, offering a twenty-eight-day program for dieting with wine. Each day's menu gives a full plan for breakfast, lunch and dinner; a note is even included for each meal, including the caloric value for the wine presented for drinking with the food and used in preparing the dishes (this part of the book is presented by Emily Chase, a specialist in wine and food and formerly a home-economics editor at *Good*).

Dr. Lucas, in his chapters on the role of wine in dieting and cooking, and in his preface to the book, provides the medical basis for the overall belief of the authors that "those who diet have a right to enjoy all the benefits of a civilized cuisine without the penalties and burdens of unseasoned grills," and their conclusion that by "combining in a useful manner the groups of good food and wine with the concepts of medical restriction" they have found a way "to avoid the monotony of the average reducing diet." In his chapters, Dr. Lucas explains how wine drunk with meals and used in preparing food can add to the

dietary satisfaction and lessen his often unbearable frustration; he also shows how the metabolism alcohol in wine helps maintain body weight, contributes to a decrease in food intake and better storage of proteins. And since wine is so often used as an ingredient in the dishes proposed for the various diets in the book, Dr. Lucas is careful to emphasize the caloric loss in cooking, pointing out that a dry table wine will lose eighty-five percent of its original calories when subjected to sufficient heat to cause the alcohol to evaporate.

Dr. Lucas, who is the director of medical research for the Wine Advisory Board, cites some astonishingly successful dieting experiments such as the case of "one woman [who] began the diet diet weighing 180 pounds, and at the end of the study weighed 135 pounds. Taking the wine after dinner enabled her to lose an average of 3.4 pounds per week. Approximately 820 calories of wine per day [about five ounces] were needed to reduce her total caloric intake from an average of 3200 calories before the program to 2380 calories during the program. After the experiment had ended, she maintained her weight loss by taking a glass of wine, instead of drinking, whenever she felt particularly fatigued or hungry."

Dr. Lucas stresses that wine "as a weight-reducing agent should be consumed with the meal rather than before it and considered as a modifier of our enjoyment of many other food calories, which ideally should come from carbohydrate foods." He also maintains that "wine is far more effective in the reducing diet than tablets designed to stimulate appetite."

Dr. Lucas summarizes the role of wine in a reducing diet with these five points: 1. Wine is a food, a source of energy for work or play, and a stimulant. 2. Its content of B-vitamins and minerals makes it a desirable supplementary source of these substances in the daily diet. 3. Wine may be effectively incorporated into all sorts of diets, including the maximum low-sodium diet. 4. Wine can stimulate the flow of gastric juice and otherwise assist efficient digestion. 5. The nourishing action of wine may be especially helpful in the treatment of obesity, especially when emotional tension is a factor.

All of which makes me want to mix, along with the last issue of *John Jay's* magazine, nothing other more or less among them I thought so once, but now I find it

—A. G.

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## Coming Up in October Esquire At last! The magazine for all seasons!

It is finally here, the whole ball game, the one we've been telling you about these many months: an issue devoted entirely to sports, the United States of Sports. October's Esquire will be much fatter than usual. It took a lot of magazine to cram in all these good things:

### On the Necessity of Sport

by William F. Buckley Jr.

An essay on America's sporting obsession, as told by a man whose principal boyhood idol was Toscanini.

### Esquire's Gallery of Superjocks

Prominent artists and illustrators provide their personal visions of the likes of Benet Clarke, Aaron Jobber, etc.

### Billie Jean King as Sex Symbol

by Dan Wakefield

To the writer, the queen of tennis is a shining example of pure womanhood; nothing can convince her otherwise.

### A Fan's Dream Comes True

While back, Esquire asked its readers to send in the names of their favorite sports heroes. The last of all would have a picture taken with that hero. See it soon.

### Who Is America's Hero Now?

by Roger Kahn

The only way to find out is to ask a kid—and that's what Kahn did. The answer is not entirely hopeful.

### Actual Size!

Have you the foot of a fighter, the head or foot of a basketball superstar? Compare, then set your heart out.

### The Sports Establishment of the U.S.A.

The continents of the sports world are talent, money, and power. How do they come together? You'll see at a glance.

### The Power That Is Roone Arledge

by Sol Yurick

Arledge is the head of ABC Sports, the brain behind Wide World of Sports, the most important man in televisionland.

### A Reading List for Sports Freaks

Where does the hard core fan go for the inside poop? We'll tell you where.

### Breakfast of Champions

We mean that literally. What do gods have for breakfast? Esquire asked some of the best for their morning meal.

### Hockey Is the Sport of the Future

by Jeff Greenfield

A new national pastime is in the works, and author Greenfield tells why. Extra noted attraction: Eddie Faurer tells you how to watch a hockey game.

### Reflections of a Sports Groupie

The exasperated of a certain loose-foot basketball star reveals what it's like.

### Sporting Belles Lettres

James Dickie on hunting rattlesnakes, John Keats on hunting bears, Robert Traver on hunting trout, Leonard Gardner on boxing, Brock Brown on hunting sports, John W. Wells, Munro Rubeys on the best sports Olympics.

### Match Wits with the Experts

Are you smart enough to be Dawe Gollusschere, Gene Meach, Mike McCormack, or Lee Elder? Test your skills via our strategy quizzes.

### Pop Beazley's "Indy 500" Scrupbook

A not terribly serious look back at the great golden times.

### Two Coaches

Woody Hayes and Chuck Knox, one profile each.

### The Manly Art of Fishbaiting, Explained

A terrific new sport is unveiled and it goes like this: two men, wearing special gloves, hit each other with live fish. Additional details to come.

### Sports Gambling Systems Analysis

by Pete Aschheim

Is winning bets the result of smart betting or dumb luck?

### Six Superscribes

The top six American sportswriters are identified, reviewed, appreciated. Find out who they are and why they're the best.

### Will Pete Rose Ever Grow Up?

by Judy Klenckner

Hill-Mol

### The Clubhouse Intellectuals

In sports, people think you're smart if you can read without moving your lips. That's not entirely fair and Esquire will prove it by asking smart folks some tough questions.

### Games People Should Play

by George B. Leonard

Somewhere along the way, we all get hung up on the wrong sports. What's needed is a set of new games, games in which the highest consciousness wins.

### Memoirs of Ex-Cheerleaders

What were they like, those best of times? Four former cheer girls, including Ann Margret, show us.

### Toots Shor Among the Ruins

by Joe Flaherty

Checking in with one of America's legends.

### New Jack Gear

A rundown on the latest improvements.

### A Short History of the Jockstrap

by James Villa

This subject has been ignored long enough!

### Tight Fit

by Grace Lichtenstein

A report on the new, clingy, almost see-through sports uniforms, with modeling by Bobby Murcer and Dorothy Fuchs.

### Esquire's Sports Retrospective

Is the grand tradition of last year's Forth Anniversary celebration, a celebration of this magazine's special sports tradition? Including, please, by Ray Tellez, Iwan Shaw, Westbrook Pegler, Grantland Rice, Jimmy Cannon, and Bobby Riggs among others. And as a bonus, a selection of Esquire's great sports cartoons.

**PLUS:** A review of America's top high school coaches; a zoological look at the nation's hot, arena adreno from seven doctors; and the newest in sportstortper fashions.

All this and, believe it or not, more—next month in Esquire.



Catherine Denève for Chanel



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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### Smashing opuses

I must dissent from Tad Sailer's characterization of Elmer Richardson's appearance before the Harvard Law School Forum (*The Sound and the Fury* of Elmer Richardson, July). Although it was "smashing," it was not a "success." A majority of the audience had their expectations smashed as Mr. Richardson was neither candid, stylish, nor electrifying.

His lack of candor was evidenced by prevarications and glosses out of the "old politics" box of tricks. In particular, he responded to a question asking why he, as Secretary of Defense, had not pressed charges against General Lavalle for insubordination arising from illegal and unauthorized bombing raids by saying, "There must be good beyond a reasonable doubt." However, in every footnote his student (and certainly a former president of the Harvard Law Review) must know, probable cause is the standard in press charges, and proof beyond a reasonable doubt is the standard for conviction.

Mr. Richardson's unabashed attempts to captivate on his role in the "Mansure" were not only tasteless, but embarrassing evidence of his naked ambition.

Finally, to contradict Mr. Sailer again, Mr. Richardson unfortunately left a charming and loose as like a "stuffed-shirt child." It will take more than one week to turn Richard Nixon's utility infielder into captain of a World Series team.

Ed Taylor  
Harvard Law School  
Cambridge, Mass

### The breakthrough of meanness

I once thought of reading the discourse which plays modern man in terms of their passivity with Madison Avenue. Ron Rosenbaum has topped me, however, and a very creditable job he has done in *Tale of the Meritocracy* (July).

The "Big C" must lead all hats with me. Meantime is right in there, of course.

Charles Marton's influence in adding kidney disease to the list cannot be overestimated. I found for the first time I was examining myself for kidney failure during my anxiety attack rather than the standard heart attack.

I think we ought to do more with the fear factor, however. If the reality story was shown on *Scenes From the Life of Captain America*, the results would probably be more dramatic; we could wind up with a notice of adult and child suicides.

Come on, Madison Avenue, let's

wake up now and seize the half out of everyone!  
Charles McCreedy  
Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

The word of charity is considerably different from the one portrayed by writer Ron Rosenbaum in *Tale of the Meritocracy*. We would characterize much of the story dealing with our people at Grey as revealing concerning philosophy, way of life with motivation and its accurate in terms of facts.

Yet the story goes beyond a single advertising agency; it concerns our industry. Without the voluntary and professional services of the communications industry, advertising and public relations, most charities, causes, public-service organizations, and colleges would be hard pressed to make their financial ends. Here at Grey, for example, we did a survey a year or two ago to test our feeling that our people, like many of those in the industry, were extremely active in community service. It turned out that six out of ten Grey employees were active to some degree in community and social projects. More than half the staffers in the survey believed Grey had a responsibility to the community to lend professional help for a variety of social causes.

On behalf of thousands of non-profits who have spent much of their lives donating ideas, services, expertise, everything they can. Be ready to dig along, library committees to causes, university fund-raising programs to black parties, may I suggest that the *Equipe* "table" on charity activity in advertising was the weakest kind of documentary. Your writer didn't need that approach; the real story is much more solid, interesting and involving. The best it was blown.

Ral Davis  
President, Grey and Davis Inc.  
New York, N.Y.

### Heavyweight copy

Regarding Roy Moore's letter about *Equipe's* *Footlight* 15 (*The Sound and the Fury*, August), it is a purely Western misapprehension that Ron Lebe is the only hold in which there are thirty-five *Footlight*. It is simply that for many years it was the only Russian ballet source knew about outside Russia that contained this piece of misinterpreted history. It is in *Equipe* and because *Foot* me Legman, the original *Quatre-Orde* of the 1885 81. Petersburg Petipa-dance version, could do them, having previously shown them

to stanned balletomanes two years earlier in *Equipe*.

Anyone who has seen the *Footlight* *Don Quixote* will know that it is the last-act part of *Don Quixote* the balletman's variation does indeed include thirty-two *Footlight* performed impeccably rare place (as they should be) but seldom and by a visiting *Equipe* *Mozzart*, with some *Equipe* *F.W. Mosbacher* Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Secret ingredients

My secret blend of herbs and spices is kind of secret. I'm glad to see (*That's in This* 2nd, June). Your experts came up with somewhat different flavors but they thought they tasted. That's not more than I use.

Tell you not to be too downhearted. I've been cooking for seventy-two years—didn't start till I was three—and I still have something new about cooking every day.

Colleen Harland Sanders  
Shelbyville, Ky.

### Copy the hidden country, how standard

Members of our Association have been quite concerned over the article *Cy, The Hidden Country* *Man*, by James Villan, in your May issue.

Mr. Villan evidently did not know the intent to the Federal Register was available to the public, for if he had read these replies, he would quickly have seen that the North Carolina Producers were not the villains fighting against quality.

The North Carolina Meat Producers and Country Ham Curing Association, made up of about fifty small meat processors, is the group that insisted that a standard for country hams be established by USDA so the consumer would know he was getting a properly cured and aged country ham of the high quality and traditional taste most famous by the early settlers of our state. The idea was that if a ham were produced under these rules and standards, it could be called a country ham whenever produced.

No final definition of a country ham has been published, and we feel it will not be published unless we give up on including any other time in a definition. We issue that a true traditional country ham cannot be produced without at least thirty to forty-five days' aging time, and expect to continue to fight to have it included in any standard.

North Carolina Meat Producers and Country Ham Curing Association Inc.  
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1 mg nicotine, no per cigarette FTC Report Mar. '78

## RECORDINGS MARTIN MAYER

About the time these words appear, the Los Angeles Philharmonic will depart its accustomed summer perch at the Hollywood Bowl and take flight on a six-week European tour. I write like to think of that whole population stage leaving a hole in Disney, with Dumbo-like wings, to go see the world. Beforehand, let's move closer to the heart of the Music Center in October, the orchestra will be in Zoltan Meko's thirteenth season as its music director. At the age of thirty-eight, he is second only to Ozmond in longevity at one of our major orchestras, and in the season just past he was the most generous with his time of all our permanent conductors. "Meko did ninety-one performances," says executive director Ernest Fleischman. "Ormandy, eighty-eight, Boehm, eighty-five, Muzil, sixty-five, Salti, fifty." One of the things that makes a man "a valuable director" apart from a healthy British accent, is the ability to tap such figures from memory.

There can be no question at all that under Meko's leadership the L.A. Philharmonic has made our Big Five (New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago) into a Big Six. With four recordings a year committed to British Decca (London Records), Meko and his orchestra are now major forces in the classical disc business, especially in the beween, turn-of-the-century repertory that's eating highlights. No one could be taken too of the personal half-hour TV program Meko and the orchestra and KCBT made of Meko's Decca.

Partly out of distrust for anyone business and artistically polished—and partly for a sense of less than fortunate experience at the Metropolitan Opera—this listener used to maintain a degree of skeptical criticism about Meko. Then I was delighted by a six-hour Decca disc and a load of daily controlled recorded Tones (RCA, with Leonard Price), and now, after watching Meko on the podium of the New York Philharmonic, I give up he is a splendidly efficient workman, a maker of interesting programs, and a platform personality of legitimate high volume. Moreover, he can play lots of different music well, though the obvious grace of the slow movement of Beethoven's Symphony in Three Movements is what stands most vividly in the ear from his spring appearance. His own

favorite among his American recordings, by the way, is Elgar's *Enigma Variations*, and I think he is right on all counts. It is a brilliant performance of a much understated piece.

Born in Bielefeld to a father who was a Western-style musician, Meko was accomplished on both piano and violin before he was in his teens, and had also learned to move the violin parts in classical symphonies for the choir actually available to his father's British Army brass bands. The family was Polish, which was by no means a good thing to be in post-war Germany. India (Meko's) fellow feeling for Jews, exemplified by his role as "musical advisor" to the Israeli Philharmonic, undoubtedly reflects ancestral sympathy, and all the more of value, young Meko shipped out for Vienna. His musical lineage in conversation is still surprisingly Viennese: it is, simply,



"the most beautiful sound in the world—not the Philharmonic, necessarily, but the idea, and sometimes they achieve it." He was touched but amused when one of his "co-principals" in Los Angeles learned to play a Viennese clarinet (which requires fingering quite different from those of an American clarinet) because "that was the sound I wanted."

At Meko's urging, the Los Angeles Philharmonic over the last dozen years has spent \$300,000 on instruments (they would now, he estimates, be worth a million dollars). Some of the money went for string quality control—Meko wanted, and says he now has, all Italian violins in his first-violin section, and Cima horns with New York hornplayers for his horn section—but much of it went for auxiliary instruments to achieve the right natural timbre. L.A. now has a complete choir of German trumpets, for example, for German

music. This is the other side of the coin of Meko's Viennese experience. "I grew up in a place where everything sounded the same naturally. And it's Chinese when you come, and he would struggle, and struggle, and struggle. I don't believe in having one sound. Ormandy had certain rules about how the musicians put the bow on the string, and it is a right way for eighty percent of the music, but not for everything."

The co-principals idea, Meko's answer to the overboard of the forty-eight-week season, also derives from Central European practice. Coupling open work and symphony concerts, the European orchestra must at least two concerts on every instrument. Our orchestras have come to terms with year-round employment by giving soloists some extra weeks off during the season, taking a loss of morale in their absence. Meko gives the time off in the rehearsal and at the concert—that is, such principal players half the program. "Our newspapers do nothing but complain," Meko says. "The critics say they can't tell who's playing what I don't see why they can't stand up and look."

With ninety-four percent salary in a 2000-seat house, and the Bowl season lacking in one million dollars in gross revenue for thirty classical concerts, the L.A. Philharmonic comes more than seventy percent of its costs through payment for services, but there's still more than \$4,500,000 to raise every year. Meko's answer, he answered, raised the burden on charity and a generous society government could be a little less if Fleischman didn't insist on building fellow audiences through reduced-price subscriptions for students. "We had to cut them off at eight hundred," Fleischman says. "We couldn't afford to sell more." So much for the aging experience.

Among Meko's experiences as a student in Vienna was singing in the choir for a performance of Verdi's *Requiem* under Klemperer. "They salvaged him," Meko remembers with some distance. Klemperer was never entirely forgiven in Vienna for having been prematurely anti-Nazi. Among my experiences at about the same time was a Klemperer performance of Beethoven's *Wotzek* at Concert Garden, still terrifying in recollection. Klemperer's sounding of Don Rossbach's (Richmond) remains



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to my taste the best ever, overall. Now people have been saying this great man had a soap in mind as himself, but it was all distant rumor: Carlos Kleiber has never worked in this country, and until this year he had never made a recording. That first recording has just been issued; it is of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, made in Dresden and enthusiastically praised by *Deutsche Grammophon*, and it is the most spectacular recording debut ever.

Partly, of course, the excitement is in the choice of work: if Kleiber had made his debut with, say, *Der Ringelied*, one would have granted him admiration rather than awe. But *Freischütz*, backdated in Germany and virtually unperformed over here, is one of the great things in musical literature, and has been immensely influential on several generations of composers: Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, the last two operas of Ravel—need to mention a tradition of light opera that includes everything from *Der Schatz der Königin* to *Der Schatz der Königin*—would have been entirely different without *Der Freischütz*. The best-known choruses, the wicked drinking song, Agathe's prayer in the last act (scenes of which can be heard in the music *Verdi* wrote for *Bruchmann*), the *Waldes Gesang*—all this is as good as its kind as anybody ever wrote. But *Lara*, *Donizetti*, Agathe's big second-act aria, is something else: it takes the literally meaningless statement of Beethoven's *In der Ferne* and transforms it into something really, heartbreakingly beautiful, and in that transformation has an essence of romanticism.

Those of us who were brought up on this line in Tinseltown's performance of the opera could never have guessed what it was about, and one's gratitude to Carlos Kleiber starts with the record in the overture that marks the spiritual world hidden in the concrete line of the great melody. To see profundity in a superficially familiar piece is the greatest art of a conductor, and throughout this recording, in episode after episode, Kleiber shows us with an understanding of how important this "children's opera" really is.

His cast is excellent. Agathe tests Gerdula *Jeune*, so it soon every soprano who attempts it, but his voice and run are glorious. Edith Mathis, Peter Schönewald and Theo Adam are first class, and the soloists in the Dresden orchestra are all anyone could ask. But *Donizetti* sure they would give first credit to the extraordinary intelligence of the performance. *De Kuyper* cannot possibly be printed so many copies as it will sell.



Illustrated "Ape-pithecus" is based on the latest scientific findings — shows how the missing link... could look (many theories about the missing years gap. About 40% of the body was 40 percent for 400,000 years. The body was 40% of the body.

## The Missing Link

### Do you know:

- why the human brain has grown?
- when man first began to bury his dead?
- when the modern family began?
- how cooking food changed man's brain?
- how speech evolved?
- why man also speaks and does not fly?
- what diseases were truly life and what would death be like in the earth in 100 million years?
- what the latest findings are on "the missing link"?
- is it not very beautiful that we are "missing"?
- if any creature except man can fly?
- whether or not there are still Neanderthals among us?
- if the land near the South Pole could ever have been sub-tropical?

### Among Other Volumes: Life Before Man • Cro-Magnon Man • The Neanderthals • The Mountain Builders



Neanderthal with his spear-thrower.  
A 100,000-year-old skull.  
A 100,000-year-old skull.  
A 100,000-year-old skull.



It is two million years ago. On an African savanna, a strange creature browses for food. He looks something like an ape and also like a man. He walks on two legs—yet his forehead is low and sloping, his jaw thrusts forward. He doesn't know it—but he represents a giant step forward in evolution. For he is the "missing link" between ape and man...



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and if I think they're OK, I'll buy them.  
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AFTER SHAVE - COLOGNE - GIFT SETS

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A close-up photograph of a bottle of Pinch 12 year old Scotch Whisky and a glass of whisky. The bottle is made of clear glass and has a distinctive shape with a wide base and a narrower neck. The label on the bottle is dark with gold lettering that reads "Pinch 12 year old Scotch Whisky". The glass is a simple tumbler glass, partially filled with a golden liquid. The background is dark, making the bottle and glass stand out.

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36 JOURNAL OF DOCUMENTATION

And three miscellaneous: *The Music of Nynke Viennema*, an adventurous and effective High Renaissance instrumental composer previously unknown to me (two volumes); *The Joyce Concerto* and the *Accademia Monteverdiana* under Dama Stoyan (Thash Guild Musical Anthology); The two great Slovak *Slovakians* for eight winds—in E-flat, K. 575 and in C minor, K. 588—played with a fine sense of style and a superbly informed sense of the Viennese *Philharmonia* (DGG); and a lovely Romani *Messia* by Gluck partly rediscovered and partly reconstructed by Herbert Hendl, who conducts the English Chamber Orchestra and (also?) an excellent *rediscovered* work of mine (the *Phantasie*). But the work itself is a bad one.

[illegible]



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## TRAVEL NOTES RICHARD JOSEPH

I learned the practical value of selective recycling as a police reporter at the Colombian Crisis. My colleagues on the Colombian Dispatch (this was years ago, before the papers merged) and all the fun was drained away) was the nephew of the chief of police, so naturally the cops gave him all the best photos of the victims of crimes and fatal car accidents. My job to steal them before the cops could give them away.

So maybe it was sheer stupidity that drove me to grab an interesting-looking booklet from the desk of my friendly local travel agent while his attention was occupied elsewhere and slip it inside my jacket and under my belt in the old *First Four* technique. Back in the office I saw that I had struck gold. Here, I found, was the information furnished to travel agents for their strategic and tactical campaigns to lure you off your purchase of a swimming pool or a vacation cabin in the *Achropolis* or the *Backus*, or off taking some other form of vacation, and get you onto a ship.

The booklet, called *Sevilla Holidays at Sea*, was published by I.P.S.A.—the International Passenger Ship Association—whose members (and I hope this means you will avoid the threat of any copyright infringement action) are the Baltic Shipping Company, French Line, German Atlantic Line, Greek Line, Hapag-Lloyd, Holland-Mediterranean Line, Holland-America Cruises, Home Lines, Inceps Line, Italian Line, Norwegian America Line, P & O, Peninsular and the Marseilles, Royal Viking Line and Swedish American Line.

Together they operate about half of the thirty ships serving the North American market. Set a number of convenient shipping lines are not members of the association, notably Canadian Cruise Line, Cunard Line Limited, Eastern Steamship Lines Inc., Harbinger Cruises Inc., Pacific Far East Line Inc., Princess Cruises, Presidential Cruise Lines, Royal Caribbean Cruise Line Inc., Skinar Cruises and Sun Line Agencies.

Now look at the staff the steamship board tells travel agents to sell on you. First it confirms their selling job with those of the Fuller Book and the insurance agent who have something specific to sell in selling travel services," it says, "the situation is different. Your job is to take the initiative away

from the prospect, to find out what he really has in mind and then sell him what he wants."

An example of an ideal opening conversation between agent and client, the booklet offers this fascinating refresher:

**COUNSELLOR:** Good afternoon. My name is Maria, John Martin. May I help you?

**PROSPECT:** Why, yes I want to plan my vacation.

**C:** You've certainly come to the right place, Miss Martin. Vacations are our business.

**P:** Hello, Anne Maria.

**C:** What kind of vacation did you have in mind, Miss Martin? And what time of the year?

**P:** Well, I have four weeks' vacation and I usually take two weeks in the late spring or early summer and another two weeks in the fall.

**C:** Do you want to plan both vaca-



tions in just one?

**P:** Last fall I drove up through New England and the Mountains to see the autumn foliage, so this year I'd like to go away in the late spring.

**C:** Are you interested in plants and trees, Miss Martin?

**P:** Why, yes, I am. I've been to Stockholm for the scales festival and to Litchfield for the dogwood.

The booklet goes on to assure the agent that "by asking a few conversational, open-ended questions you will more quickly learn enough information about your prospect to make a sensible and acceptable recommendation and you should not hesitate to present it to your prospect with confidence and assurance."

Next, if I were the agent, the first thing I'd tell Miss Martin would be to try Greenfield Hill next time, where — as an Connecticut Yankee knows the dogwood is far better than Litchfield's. But you don't collect

commission on this sort of advice, so the booklet suggests somehow to "sign up" and "crash" with a travel agent. The prospect gets a commission of ten percent of the cruise price.

It offers four possible procedures for meeting prospects' objections:

(1) Denial, (2) consent to benefit, (3) offset with other benefits, and (4) use a third party. Here's the booklet's amplification of its advice.

"One technique is simply to answer the objection and keep going. It takes judgment to know when an objection is not serious. This technique is to be used sparingly."

"A second technique is to convert the objection to a benefit. For example, the prospect may say, 'It takes too long to get there by ship.' Your answer might be something like this: 'Historically, you know, your vacation begins as soon as you go aboard.'"

"A third technique is to affirm the objection but offset it with other benefits. For example, the prospect might say, 'But the room is so small.' You might answer that by saying 'Yes, compared with many hotel rooms, it is smaller. However, you will find that you will spend very little time in your room. Most activity should take place in the public rooms, on deck or ashore.'"

"A final technique for handling resistance is to quote a third party who had the same objection but who found that the objection wasn't important after all. The prospect might say, 'It will be monstrous taking all my meals in the same dining room,' to which you might say, 'Mrs. Smith felt that way at first, but she's now her third cruise now.'"

I've always thought I knew a fair amount about ships—P&O preceded by steps from the port hole on the Colombian Cruise to ship agents for the New York Post—but I confess to having picked up much new information from my stolen document. How cruise prices are determined, for instance. Here, according to the I.P.S.A. booklet, is how steamship prices are fixed: (1) Size (2) Location (the closer to midships, where rolling and pitching are minimal, the better) (3) Height (the higher the waterline is above the waterline, the better) (4) Number of windows or portholes (5) Type of bed (triple requires a more spacious cabin



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than a lower berth and pillow corner). (6) Type of bathroom (bath, shower and washbasin are standard; tubs and toilets mean a bigger bathroom). (7) Privacy (to isolate or service areas (dorms) to a kitchen or a lounge bar and make a room nice, while an adjacent library, cardroom or luggage room might seem great).

Stowaway rates are far from uniform, as you will know if you've ever tried to compare prices charged by different lines for comparable cruises. Reading the I.P.S.A. booklet over the shoulder of your travel agent, you learn that the general price level of each line is determined by the number of passengers the ship carries, the return on investment required for the cruise, crew size and operating costs, the quality and quantity of food, entertainment and amenities provided and the general ambience and reputation of the ship and the line.

And you know, too, that cruise prices vary according to season. On some lines, you'll pay from thirty-five to fifty percent less for the same accommodations during the low season than you would for the peak periods—which generally run over the Christmas-New Year and Easter holidays and from late January to mid-March. Barytas times are usually from the end of April to the beginning of the summer vacation season, and then again after Thanksgiving until the start of the Christmas rush.

Nor is it only the lines' down to get what the traffic will bear that causes peak-season prices. At these times entertainment demand and jet higher fees, and since there's a greater demand than for deck space, food, food, water and other port facilities, the lines have to pay more for them.

The I.P.S.A. publication has some useful tips to travel agents on how to compare ships that are under consideration. First, there's the space-ratio formula, to which you add the ship's gross register tonnage and divide it by the number of passengers it has on board. The G.R.T. formula is to do with weight, it measures the volume enclosed by the hull and superstructure, one gross register ton equaling one hundred cubic feet. Nor is enough to measure that on a ship of ten thousand tons with a capacity of 300 cruise passengers, each passenger has about twice as much space as he would on a 3,000-ton ship carrying only about thirty-five more passengers. Sure it does. Sure it does. In principle. And then there's the crew-passenger ratio: the theory being that on a ship that carries one crew member for every passenger you'll







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## SPORTS ROGER KAIN

Somewhere Ring Lardner is supposed to have offered among very scarce, "There may, perhaps, be nothing so much as depressing as an old sportswriter." Nothing is my first encounter with the broad refuted the great man, our finest sportswriter, who himself did not live to be old.

There was a man on the New York Post who drank these meals a day, duffed Leo Danaher, nudged money from men who moved and used to talk about while smoking. He started several hotel firms and became a professional joke until he set fire to the bed in his apartment. Most of his body was charred, but the man required no anesthesia for many hours. Alcohol had consumed him from pain, although not from death. Three days after his admission to a hospital, the sportswriter died, most sober for the first time in years.

The Brooklyn Eagle had a writer past seventy, who dragged after young athletes, barely able to tote his typewriter, leaving the work but having nothing else to sustain his life. "They'll break you, kid," he said. "I used to write about sports, but they broke me, and you'll get broken, too." He tripped over a small step in a hotel lobby, fractured a hip and never recovered, died on the road.

Some old writers felt trapped by the consequences of what they were reporting. During World War II one complained, "The world is blowing up and what do I write? Boba Bismarck got two kids today. That's no work for a grown man, is it?"

Others reacted to the trivia of games by taking ambivalence, much as best answers on their important things. "Anyone who sympathized with the Yankees during the Spanish Civil War" an old New York Times man told me, "was a fool."

"Well, Ernest Hemingway supported the Lovelocks," I said. "Mean nothing," the reporter retorted. "A man can be a great writer and still be a fool."

Back of the dining room at Vero Beach, Florida, the old sportswriter sat in wicker chairs and played poker with certain baseball officials who were earning five times as much as they. Betting their next square someone else a hip injury, the writers were constantly shifted out of path, forever defeated.

One time I tried to reup by drinking heavily supplied by the bar, but this is a desperate race toward elegance, he would order dinner of

Courtesier, dip his cigar in the drink, light the cigar, throw out the brand and order a fresh shot. "Each does it," said Louis L'Amour of the Dodgers. "Do you think that hundred-fifty-dollar-a-week job does that at home?"

This particular writer was porky and tough. Trying to open a beer can on a club car once, he succeeded in opening his thumb. This had to stop the train and haul him to a hospital. One morning about the time of his accident, the writer, the men were bathing into a press room, wattle shaking. "A great thing happened to me last night," he said.

"What's that?" I said. "You may not believe it, but I had a wet dream."

Without looking to feel out personally, I suppose that everyone's last or years are spent embracing, uncertain sleep and falling memory. It



was Yente who complained, "What shall I do with this abominable decrepit age that has been laid to me as to a dog's tail." But old poets, Frost, Musfield, Sandberg, achieve the blessing of patriarchy. Old physicians may never believe in the locker, perfect on authoritative look, practice less and charge more. Old lawyers—well I've heard of one in Redwoodport who has just retired at seventy-five and, walking in other people's gravel, is moving arrogantly toward his second office.

The old sportswriter I know drew no rewards for nothing. They still had to meet the guidelines of deadlines. They had to argue with room clerks, struggle with baggage and climb the interminable steps at Princeton that led to a press box called Theronian Terrace. The athletes, young and unimpaired, were at these tables. It was said that a football player on a good Big Ten

scholarship earned more than a crack sportswriter for the United Press.

Finally, the writers were constantly instructed on the importance of a generation of editors preached anti-go serious. Nobody cares about you, your older, your best dreams. Write about back chides. Indeed, the serious sports editor, Stanley Woodward, explaining why a prospect failed, observed, "His single-species his ego and he uses the first person." Not a happy group, I thought, no more sports, hearing old sportswriters tell fat stories in a private way.

A few years ago Jerry Holzman, a Chicago baseball writer in middle years, recalled an idea for a book. He wanted to record the reminiscences of old sportswriters, he said, and did I think he'd be able to find a publisher.

"A dumb one," I said.

"What do you mean?" "Well, most of these people are going to be dull. The years have shaped away their acrobatics. I remember one who feared not I'd be mean, saying he had taught his children Brahms. I was going to correct him, give him the key, except that he'd tell me that he taught to like the two of them."

Holzman, a slender, intense man, added, but I could see from his eyes that he intended to go on. Now, forty-five interviews later, his publisher, Moll, Knickerbocker and Weinberger (smart enough, sensationally, to hold the rights to Frost's poems), has sent me *No Cheering in the Press Box*. The finished product shatters and overflows me. No Cheering in the Press Box is a splendid work of oral history, perhaps as a par with Lawrence Sanders' classic, *The Glow of Their Years*, that haunting collection of the memories of the certain, an autobiographical halcyon recalled. It is *No Cheering in the Press Box* is the best sports book I have seen since March 1972.

Out of the forty-four men he interviewed, Holzman prints the memoirs of eight. When last we met, he was concerned that he might be making twenty-one centimes. By reporting what is dull and monstrous, he gives us a book of pain, interest and even a certain comeliness. These old journalists, most age seventy-five, appear to know come to terms with the loneliness of life. It wasn't never, it was now, and it wasn't become may. Yet, as Pankster said, one tries to prevail. That is the sense of



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Antonio Y. Cleopatra.

"All right, but don't be a fool," Kenner said. "Get here now." Dempsey threw a left hook and Galileo went down. He heard Kenner say: "Six, seven, eight." "Like a problem kid, I got up. He then Dempsey knew I was a bum. He whispered, 'Hang on kid, all your head down.' But he couldn't stop. He hit me with six straight right punches on the neck and the next thing I knew Kenner was saying, 'Thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty.' A half hour later, I was writing my story."

Galileo still fences, keeps a solitary life with his fourth wife and relatives Arthur, whom he says is a working loan, not his cousin and son. "We're sort of loose. We live a very quiet life. You have to concentrate to write. You can't be disturbed. You can't do a lot of running around. You can't stay up too late at night. You can't drink too much. I'm nervous, but I don't feel old. I'll write as long as my hand is able to put together two sentences."

And Smith, now sixty-one, still working, reminisces on glory. "When you go through Westchester Abbey, you find that everything for that little Poodle Corner, about all the states are of killers. Of general and ad-vice whose specialty was human slaughter. I don't think they're such glorious names. I've tried not to exaggerate the glory of abilities."

Finally, posthumously, Holman goes as Jimmy Green, just before Green died at sixty-three. I remember Cannon on a night in The Little Club when he was dating Judy Garland. I can't recall what anybody said, but everyone kept talking. As Cannon spoke, Miss Garland's eyes glared. When Judy spoke, Cannon fumbled for his cigarettes. Cannon's own spotlight makes me wish I'd watched the self-satisfaction but not looked more.

Sitting in a wheelchair, where a stroke has paralyzed him, Cannon is kind, smiling, brave. He says, "Sports writing has revived business of the guys who don't cheer." He would rather have been with Hemingway than with Babe Ruth. He feels "the great athletes are fortunate that they met me." The last newspaper column was Ben Shook, Westbrook Pender, Dennis Runyon. The most neglected writer in America is Nelson Algren. He "wrote letters about Chicago that nobody—excluding Carl Sandburg." Cannon can't stand politicians. "They're more than football coaches." At the end, crippled and solitary, Cannon sums up his life, his book.

"I've had a great life. I sat at good events. And I've had some of the people. My (Continued on page 66)

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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Nobody loves anything like everything loves dogs. That this is true appears in magazine journalism from the author's first issue of the National Lampoon over a year or two ago featuring a posh, a pun and the legend "If you don't buy this magazine, we'll kill this dog." It appears in contemporary literature from the columns expressed by all our friends who have read Richard Adams' anti-dog fable in *Watership Down*. And we just know it's going to appear in our latticed-lashed feature from late and late of dog lovers who buy this issue of Esquire on account of the dogs on the cover, turn to page 48, and find artwork much about dogs in various stages of a picture of some dog's attention. There will be a section of dog about, commercial trading in dogs for immoral purposes, and so forth, all which is what we have reported in this issue on page 106, a whole article about dog psychology and a chart of dog mentalities—Robert Ullrich's *How a Crazy Dog Can Be His Own Best Friend*. Think, dog lovers, makes a total of five pages in this magazine devoted entirely to dogs—including two photographs—not to mention the Ullrich rouser in the back of the magazine. Why, if we'd had the money, we could have even have killed this Special Dog Bazaar issue! Art, art! Oh, hell, let's call it that anyway. It's also the College issue, the Special Fall Fashion issue, and the issue before next month, which is *Entertainment Weekly's* All-Sports issue, and this time we really do mean All sincerely. The chances are there'll be an article on the cross-dog lovers please note.

For lovers of money, who are almost as many as lovers of dogs, we have so there is the college section we think of as canine interest, and it's College. Doubtless Investment of All, page 102. It's a fabric, sort of, and it's a kind of fabric of off-glancing from a book-length study of college alternatives by Christine Bird, whose book, *In College Really Seriously?*, to be published next spring by David McKay, will deal with the same material and a lot more besides. Steven G. Neri, who is responsible for the *Spartan* in *College*, Doubtless Investment of All, is a credit analyst for the Esquire National Bank in upstate New York, Caroline Bird is the author of *Rosa Fonda* and *Everything's a Roman*. *Wanda Is Gonna Get Paid* (and *What She's Worth*, which is to appear in paper covers that fall from Dartan Books).

Lovers of William F. Buckley Jr. may be amused but from their lovers of money, on the other hand, Mr. Buckley is more controversial than money and easier to get hold of, by reason of his twice-a-week newspaper column, once-a-week television show, once-a-month magazine *National Review*, and once-a-year-approximately book. Lately he's not been easy to find in Esquire, however, and we're really glad he's back. *David Buckley's Speeches*, a *Monthly*, page 110. Next month he's going to be back even bigger, with the lead article in the October Sports issue, but we'd rather not delay announcing our gratification at his return until that time. For the present, therefore, know all men that *David Buckley's Speeches* a *Monthly* is as much part of this year's Backstage book. *David Buckley's Speeches* a *Monthly* is to be published September 17.

Lovers of construction workers may be exempt of all. There's no denying that construction workers in this country have a bad, bad past. Where, Esquire being what it is, we they more likely to get a good one than here? Terrific, after giving the other three issues, we can't read *Beauvoir Street*. But first, let us tell you that though author Mike Cherry does not choose to write about the realists that submit themselves to construction workers and the women who pass them on the streets of New York and other cities, we chose to get him to try and explain. Why, we request, do you people give women such a hard time? Well, he said, "The assumption that construction workers always make remarks to women on the street is absolutely false. It's a status issue, kind of, such men with the others on. There is a much fanciful; construction workers make their living by being strong and brave. This attitude is how much liquor you can drink, how fast you can drive, and how many women you can pick up. But it would be unfair to accuse all construction workers of this." *Go Back Street*, by Mike Cherry, from which *Beauvoir Street* has been excerpted, will be published by Quadrangle in October.

Don't go away, dog lovers. Two of our most dogs appear courtesy of the A.B.C.A., who would like you to look at the dog's last race up for adoption. ☐

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## FILMS JOHN SIMON

Some films are merely bad, others actually ludicrous, still others loathsome without being literally bad. In this last category belongs *Gorgy Phoebe*, the second feature film of Bertrand Blier, son of the noted character actor. Based on Blier's own best-selling novel, *Les Ténésiens* (long for *tenet*), the film is already a barf hit in France.

Two petty bourgeois in their twenties—Jean-Claude, the leader, and Pierrot, the follower—pass the time molesting women, carrying pocket-books, appropriating cars for joy-rides. A beauty-parlor owner, less than grateful when the pair come in on Citroën DB at a pleasure trip's end, shoots Pierrot in the groin. The boys escape with Marie-Ange, a pretty lesbian who is the boss's aquatic mistress, and whom, in exchange for a car, they bind over to a spectacularly unsavory character. Jean-Claude forces a doctor to patch up Pierrot's bullet-pricked scrotum, then robs him of his money, next, the boys embark on a cross-country flight, stealing vehicles, skidding a nursing mother smothered on a train to suckle them as well, taking turns belaboring Marie-Ange sexually and verbally (she is incapable of orgasm), and breaking into an empty beach house where they stuff a young girl's abandoned panties, and Jean-Claude, frute de mer, sodomizes the lovely prepubertal Pierrot.

When they're not using Marie-Ange or chasing her for not coming, they torture her to find out whether her boss has recovered the Citroën, one of whose aids they have sexual almost through so he'll end up liking himself, they rob and wreck the beauty salon, where they shoot Marie-Ange in the leg, tie her up, and abandon her. Two girls in a swimming alley refuse to go to bed with them, so they lie in wait outside a women's jail for a released prisoner: she, poor unstarved thing, will gratefully give them everything. Girl comes doctor Pauline (Jeanne Moreau), whom they pick up, spend a lumpy day with, and take to a hotel, after a grand fûte à trois, she kills herself with a bullet up the vagina. They fetch her son, presently released from mother prison, and take him to the rural highway they share with Marie-Ange; smothering, he buries the frigid girl to a shivering climax. But he, too, has gone sick crazy, and impales them in the revenge murder of his humane prison guard. Again the boys and

Marie-Ange are on the run across the country in stolen cars, but now with the added virtues of solidly happy consummations on the back seat for whoever isn't driving.

The two achieve a magnificent stamity of their car and of their more than willing teenage daughter, Jacqueline, who might be the owner of the penis that once afforded the boys' effluvia delights. Now they can only sniff and taste the thankful girl's pukes, but also deflower her while Marie-Ange cradles her head; then they send her off, rejected but fulfilled. Once again the film comes to an end in a nice Citroën DB, and we bid them goodbye as they drive not into the sunset, but into a tunnel toward what new adventures? In the novel, the car was the only one they had ("bad"), not so in the movie, where *postscript* (also *not* good).

I give you all this not as a plot



summary, in which I do not believe, but as a moral indictment, in which I do. My objection is not so much to its assembly as to its unfathomable and dashingly, almost every woman in the film releases the vile truth about her mother, Marie-Ange, when they're not pinching her nipples to make her talk, is glad to take good wife-motherly care of the youths. Jeanne Moreau is so not at being too old and premenopausal, capable to tell us to them that she dispatches herself after one perfect night together. The young surviving mother, on the way to share a furlough with her soldier husband, becomes disappointed as she's worked over. The train, totally empty, must be *The Flying Dutchman*; the soldier husband turns out to be a mummy specimen, more in line for a medical discharge than for a furlough. Little Jacqueline, the latest every moment of her brutalization. A creepy gay fresh from prison,

with no previous sexual experience, brings chemically frigid Marie-Ange to instant thawing out.

Along this happy journey, venality and feeling for anyone but the two leads fail by the wayide. When the beauty-parlor owner has them cornered with his gun, "venality" neighbors, who make any comments at the boys' long haul, come to his assistance. "Feeling" appears that this is France's costume Jean-Claude, cutting an offstage glass boulevard. To show clearly that he is on their side, the film rather forthwith allows the boys to escape instant overbearing odds when Marie-Ange, for once, protests. Pierrot explains that they are ordinary zaps, not very *free* boys, which is not a Gaussian fragrance, but the symbol of humanic purity for Blier and his spiritual boss. The cold warlike makes the ruffian lovable, and thereby ridiculous. When on buses pomegranate then comes through a vented crowd here is the world's second (or worse perhaps, derived from Vincent Gribbi's wretched *Il Morit*), their frustrations are blamed on France itself. Next, they deposit themselves in front of Jean-Claude's kitchen—oh, no, stretch chronology, and view the poor boys as war babies, as gullible victims?

The film makes have asserted me that the kids are really infants, but mother's boys, so naive that enlightened French bourgeois audiences merely laugh at them, I am not surprised at French audiences any more than at more than they did not laugh such clowns as Breugnot, *Le Bonheur*, *The Disobedience of Others*, *The Thing of Life*, *Chin's Kiss*, *The Secret*, *Chen's* at the *Baroque*, to attack him a few. Yet I am amazed by some adult feminists who, I hear, adore this movie. Flattered by themselves, they seem to ignore the ongoing rebellion of women as it, surely because in the end Marie-Ange appears to have her lovers well it had.

I am not asking, of course, that *Gorgy Phoebe* be banned or censored, but I do believe that the other side should be given equal hearing, if not in the film, then at least after it. The only women who is not shown enjoying molestation in fat and middle-aged, and presumably knows she cannot expect the likes of *madness*, the *honey* (development) where she is feminized is completely deserted,

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CASUALS



Rise is cheating again.) The beauty-parlor owner is delatella; Jacqueline's parents are senseless, dreary bourgeois, whose savage indictment by their multiple-dogued daughter is presented as satirically just. When our heroes, in turn, drop her, we wonder what fate awaits her. But the film maker doesn't bother his witty head over such trivia.

The moments are shot in seductive color by Bruce Surtees; particularly effective are a nearly breath-taking close-up of a black-clad figure cut a starkly imposing mouth, and a well-focused close-up that evokes the deadly love of Clark and the Impresario. The violin score, composed and played by Stéphane Grappelli, once in the band of that legendary jazz musician, Django Reinhardt, is breathtakingly beautiful. Blue and low strata have passed the movie quickly, and there is good acting, especially from Jeanne Moreau, who can make both extreme world-weary and otherwise weird looks (as when she berates a restaurant proprietor with a piece of meat-situation and an elegy for her loss of it during her convalescence) seem winning. No less right is Kice-Moon as Marie-Anne, whose part consists mostly of pushing, dragging, and fomenting, and who yet manages to (re)act it with variety and an (almost) dignity. There is a quietly intense bit from Brigitte Fossey (the unforgettable little girl of *Fahrenheit 451*) as the nursing mother, and Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere are courting wise guys and louts.

Yet the film is quite aware of its sentimental dissonance. If the barn is the petty cinematic—indeed, if you like—they seem to be, they do not deserve the two hours of sympathy lavished on them; if they are the pathetic little *system* Marie claims they are, who is the single failure to embrace them to us—other than clever impudence, which hardly qualifies! If, at least, these characters were taken from life, but if they were, it is only from life imitating a Godard movie, say, *Breathless* or *Pierrot is Fun*. And it is not even as if such films depended for their success on the criminal class, which would make some sense, were it they free off the bad faith of a bourgeoisie plotting to display its reigning merry by embracing trendy trash.

Nor less appropriate, and not even well made, is *Melissa* (Makere), the sixth film of Salvatore Samperi, for my money one of the world's most unappealing directors. Now twenty-one, he made his debut several years ago with *Green*, too, an inept, vague-

ly detached little film, which tried to treat incest both as a sick joke and as so laughing matter, and merely delayed the lovely Lisa Gastoni as a beautiful and untroubled by a very young, psychopathic nephew. In *Matina*, Sangari deals with a 20-years-pastor homosexual who comes to work for a fresh widower with three very fresh sons. The middle son, of high-school age, enters into a vengeful, family sub-conscient relationship with the man, finally resolved in matrimony just as she is marrying dad. We need not dwell on the more details of the plot characterized by (a) vulgarity of the most practical sort, which has the gall of portraying an artistic restraint; (b) absolute blindness and deafness to how human beings feel, think, speak and act anywhere in the world, including even Italy; and (c) photographic crudities and excessive types of Vittorio Stano, Bertolucci's unconvincing character.

Point (b) is most conspicuous because it is a lack exhibited in its total, comical state—the naïve blindness and true deafness. Sangari and his co-scenarists unashamedly make a character do or say the opposite of what any normal person, and most abnormal ones, would say or do in a given situation. Even visually they are utter failures, making the boy and the man so obvious as to exclude the possibility of any locale other than a film studio (Lucia Astorini certainly, and Annunzio, Maria probably, deserve better vehicles). As for point (c), the opening scene will serve as a handy example. *Matina's* funeral is to show that the deceased was less than kind, and that the mourners indeed fold in grief. It is a really let. So Sangari gives you the youngest son playing ball all over the house, a dispiriting fly buzzing from one face to another, various people furiously smoking or picking their noses, one shadow grotesquely ripping down clothes, a calligraphic neighbor being loudly asked, the bereaved husband displaying instant hypocrisy, and, to top it all, a candle service led to the coffin. It is as loaded a concentration of facile incompetence in a short period as any director of merely average vulgarity could make do with for an entire film.

And there is also point (d). Sangari's movie derives almost slavishly from the work of Pietro Germi, who for decades now has been giving us *Bonaparte*, *matinee* of Italian cynicism. But except in his worst films, like *The Birds*, *The Kiss* and *The Italian* and *Alfredo*, Germi does not permit himself anywhere near such wholesale emulations



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## HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Okay, the word is out, proof in the form of ten-dollar copies of *Something Happened*, soon to be in your local bookstore. Joseph Heller will not be America's most celebrated out-book author since Michael Arlen and *The Men in the Glass Hat*. Faded from memory, if not completely forgotten, Arlen redid what he was ahead, lived the most exasperated life mostly in the South of France, re-known as both a literary cartoonist Joe Heller, while perhaps dreaming of something by midlife years to make on the Côte d'Azur, never considered quitting. Though almost thirteen years to the day will have passed between the publication dates of *Catch-22* and the second novel, Heller has been working—doggedly, slowly, steadily. *Something Happened* is, because *Catch-22* was such a phenomenon, more than a book—a cause, a celebration, a defiant act of independence of the insanity of Vietnam, a big but heavy movie (not adapted by Heller), a modest but marvelous play (adapted by Heller)—it never seemed that Joe Heller was out of the sketch. In reviews and studies of war novels, Heller and *Catch-22* were always produced as standards; he was consistently cited among the best and most original of the black humorists, he became defined as one of the great contemporary novelists. Surely an artist. All a result of the one book.

More than a year ago, taking myself sitting around with Heller, my friend he was doing it on the bench of the second novel, and leaving a big moment to be recorded, I asked him on what day he planned to write. The end "August twenty-first," Heller said instantly. "What time?" I asked. "Three-thirty," he said. "Now, I told him, I'd be there. Heller never blazed nor asked who, simply nodded. I shared awareness that significant moments in literary history deserve recognition. But, then, I asked, it turned out he was never home on August twenty-first; then it got to be October; and on January eleventh, the day *Something Happened* was finished, not I was aware was there to record the event.

Now it is midwinter, still, and one begins to hear that Joseph Heller has another big one. Without my help both *The New York Times* and *Newsweek* are deluged in celebrating the completion of the manuscript of *Regency Towers* called to confirm the RBC sent a film crew for an interview. *Something Happened* is a Literary Guild mass selection, a major paperback sale below, foreign rights have been snapped up. Yes, a humor, and so I call Joe to suggest I do a column. "The theme for your piece should be," Heller says, after agreeing to meet me the following day, "that [playwright Murray] Schickel is halfway through the book and has nothing but good things to say about it." That's an encouraging move. A mutual friend, Schickel is known to be extremely preposterous, often hysterical. I visit him in Schickel's home for confirmation, is it true he's halfway through the book? Holding the yellow-covered bound galley, Schickel says "I had dinner with Joe last night and the night before," he says. Well, how's the book? Murray starts off thoughtfully. "I have never...not even seen a man eat as much as Joe Heller," he

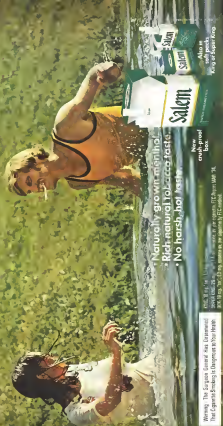


says. But, what about the book? "Last night," says Murray, "we were put out of a restaurant when they had to close, and Heller was still the first come." The book is brilliant, Murray says. "The man is a huge writer. I think his parts as here no other writer in the world could approach, he gets right down to the bone. The work in the first half is stunning, and Joe says it keeps getting better. A poem; and then, for no apparent reason, he comes complete, as Schickel says, "Except for eating, I don't think Joe Heller likes to do anything. He leads a life of sterile boredom. I like the most boring I know."

Joe and Heller Heller, married for more than twenty-five years, own a summer home in the Amaranth dunes. It is raining heavily when I come to a house appropriate under-ones for a meeting with a loved novelist. Joe comes out to meet me,



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accompanied by a bearded, animal-like, is a non-dogman, looks like a large poodle with a naked black tail. As we enter the house I remark that I've never before seen such a tall and so good-looking dog and my friend says, "It's a Bostonian but he's not a dog, and then to the dog? "Did you hear what the schmeck called you, Swenney? And he had the nerve to criticize your tail!" Swenney criticizes me less, but accuses me the living hell, and then, after a short, but somewhat weary, prelude there is a large Robert Rattay painting, over the fireplace is a white, colorful poster of an artist showing in Montreal; on another wall are three framed, damaged and bought by Shirley Heller. Bright, cheery, attractive, Shirley quickly assembles coats, collects Swenney, and both disappear. On a lace machine a white, light-colored dress is made, a right-left-hand enough to be bound but not at all intricate. Heller and I settle into comfortable chairs, facing each other across a large coffee table. Without prompting, Heller says, "You know, the opening section of my book, 'The September of the 1966 issue of Esquire'."

“I was, I think, very glib on ‘The way it happened,’ he goes on. ‘I was carrying the manuscript around with me, about forty pages, and I left it in a Bloomsbury and Harcourt’s. In total payable I returned some guy finding the paper, rumbling out and publishing it under his own name. So I told my agent to submit a carbon somewhere quick to establish my copyright. Kurt Hiller was fiction either then, and he bought it! At the time I had a second section of a hundred and twenty pages, but when I went back and revised the first forty it grew to eighty. The second and twenty pages. Then there were ninety. And the pages were revised to become more than six hundred. In the original

version, and you might find it interesting to compare the Swaine piece with what I have now, my character's name was Joe Skorum, he worked for a guy named Green, and he was offered Green's job. The name Joe Skorum came from my then five-year-old son. At dinner one night when I first started the book, I said 'What should I call the guy in my

new book" and, amazingly, my son said, "Joe Shuman." So I did, but later I changed the first name to Bob to avoid confusion with my own first name. In the finished book—there were eleven hundred manuscript pages from which I cut about three hundred—Shuman has two houses above him, and his character is at a better job.

"The same thing happened in Czech. The first time around there was only one general, but when I began to like him I created another general, Peckem, to take over those qualities of rottenness I'd originally given to Drendle."

**A**fter his first job after his World War II Air Force service to teach freshmen English at Penn State, Webster worked in the advertising and promotion departments of Time and Look magazines. He then came to know our car case where the articles from, nonetheless he appears to be fascinated by and quite involved with the schematics of his own work method. It is as if by examining the spontaneous creative ideas of others, he is able to be going in what often seems, at least to observers, an incredibly restricted pursuit, he will learn something important about himself. But not necessarily to try to change or affect anyone. He has spent years writing *Cartel-22*.

"I missed my deadline by four years," he says. "Bob Goldthorn was a twenty-nine-year-old editor, and I think I was his first writer. Not his first published writer, however, because I worked as a scribe. It came so hard I really thought it would be the only thing I ever wrote. Working on *Catfish* I'd become furious and despondent that I could only write a page a night. I'd say to myself, 'Christ, I'm a mature adult with a master's degree in English, why can't I *fuck* *Acute*?' Not with the

new book. I was spared that anger and despair. My personal deadline was January first, 1960. Okay, so when I missed it by five years, it didn't bother me, knowing that was the way I worked, that's how it was. Actually, I took two years off to write the play *We Reached in New Haven*, then came back to the book."

on the evening. In the days when I was heavy I always gave out in the afternoon and had to sleep. I couldn't work."

Sponting of heavy...  
At fifty-one, Joe Heller is obviously a man in splendid physical condition, a trim man, hundred and sixty pounds, with a few wrinkles, but five years ago, when he weighed over two hundred, I tell Joe that he is as good as Murray Schickel at with Souderton Trippend, our playwright. "I was a fat man," he says, "with the ability to hold down the weight despite his renowned eating habits." "The fact is," Joe Heller says, "I was really a thin man who got on a lot of weight. I did five till I was thirty, and then I got fat. I got fat and got on all that expensive-sounding food and booze. At the same time I quit smoking, when cigarettes went in twenty-four cents a pack, plus the cancer scare. So I quit." "The next ten days I got mean," Joe Heller says. "The Locust. Whatever was there I'll eat it. Every day, as long as there was meat as the table I'll continue to eat, but won't man if it's taken away. Now Heller I saw a publicity picture of myself, noted all the double chins, and decided enough was enough. Only twice in my life have I ever shown weakness. And I got weak. I was a fat man. I took a lot of weight. The way I hold it down is by running three or four miles a day. I have grapefruit and coffee for breakfast, a light lunch, if any, and a dinner," Murray Schickel sent me a letter.

"Morris says you live a life of active boredom," I tell Joe. "Yeah," he says. "He sure you're the most bored man he knows," I go on, and Joe, quickly, Joe says, "Yeah." A brief pause. "Somehow he's reinterpreted that there's nothing I do that is really boring. More to the point, there's nothing *he* does that I enjoy," he says. The other might be suggested we go home. I said he could leave. I said that I was a busy person and that if they're not in some kind of action they're missing something. Well, when I do nothing the time flies. It only goes slowly when I work. But if I have nothing to do it doesn't upset me. I no longer feel I'm missing anything."

At the risk of being cruel I ask if he's planning another book. "I hate no idea at all," Heller says without rancor. "It would be so lovely to have another one working while I'm waiting for this one to come out. But I feel absolutely no necessity for it. I have enough waste from the two books and my teaching."

With the +Continued on page 427

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## BOOKS

### MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago* (Harper & Row, \$12.95) is, quite simply, one of the most important books of this century. If the Russian Revolution is seen as being over, I'm quite sure it won't be the decisive event of our time, then so one hereafter will be able to take stock of the Revolution's most reference in *The Gulag Archipelago*. In that sense, Solzhenitsyn's book is part of history rather than of literature, though the fact that it has high literary qualities serves to make its historical significance the greater. To me, it was relatively recent, not just because it tells the horror story of Soviet tyranny and brutality with compassion, honesty and a wonderful humanity. He must went back to the passage in Solzhenitsyn's address—several Nobel Prize speech in which he described how, in upcoming moments during his eleven years' detention in labor camps, "in columns of prisoners at night, in freezing darkness through which the little chains of lanterns shone, there often rose in our hearts something we wanted to shout out to the whole world, if only the world could have heard us." Well, he has made his voice heard, with beautiful sincerity and eloquence, in his Nobel lecture in *One Day in the Life of Evgeny Ginzburg* and *The First Circle*, and now in *The Gulag Archipelago*. Moreover, he has written, does not and cannot flourish by staff, it is inevitably remembered with love. These two, violence and being, have between them the closest possible bond. Artists and writers alone, he goes on, can vanquish lies, in the struggle against lies, art has always won and always will. His latest book, written in forced exile, but, as may be confirmed, circulating in all sorts of clandestine ways in the U.S.S.R., represents a notable triumph of art over lies.

For his anatomy of Soviet oppression (this volume covers the years 1918 to 1956, with two more to come for the English edition), Solzhenitsyn draws on his own personal experiences, some of which in a way are more funny, and the testimony of numerous fellow victims, as well as on documents and reports of one sort and another. The whole is united together with great skill and accuracy to provide a living picture of one of the most brutal and bloodiest tyrannies even of this age. Already, the facts were all known before, and

not forth in authoritative works like Robert Conquest's *The Great Terror*. What makes Solzhenitsyn's account so uniquely valuable is that it comes from within the U.S.S.R. rather than from without. He shows, as no one else has, that the terrible happenings he describes were not just due to the arising of a particular tyrant in Stalin, or to particularly brutal and bloodthirsty men like Yagoda and Beria, but to the regime itself. The trouble, that is to say, is not the perversion of Marxism, but as Solzhenitsyn has so aptly expressed in his recently published *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*, Marxism as such, however and by whomsoever applied. There can be no question of waiting for the Soviet regime to be liberalized. It never can be liberalized because, if it can, it would cease to exist.

*Gulag in the evening for the Chief*



Administration of Communist Labor Camps, which was responsible for supervising the vast network of penal institutions and the whole apparatus of police oppression and terror which constituted Solzhenitsyn's *Archipelago*. I doubt if anything at all comparable has existed before, and it is in keeping with the best of man's world that it should have been set up in the name of an contemporary virtue of liberty, Equality and Fraternity. To a Western reader the bitterest thought must be that by and large the liberal intellectual outside the U.S.S.R. either ignored their own or feared to mention for so intensifies a perversion of everything that purported to believe in. There was the greatest betrayal of all, and I can only hope that, particularly, Solzhenitsyn's account of the countless persecutions of Christians in the U.S.S.R.—described the most movingly because

of his own deep Christian convictions—will come to the notice of some, at least, of the clerical and evangelical leaders who have looked for signs of the German in the Soviet in the Communist Manifesto and tried to sing Orthodox Christian hymns to the tune of the Internationalism.

What a change from Solzhenitsyn to Khrushchev—especially the second volume of his purported autobiography, *Khrushchev Remembers: The Last Testament* (Little, Brown, \$12.95). Like going from the *Mine* Solzhenitsyn to *Jesus Christ* Khrushchev. My skepticism about its authenticity is so great that I find it difficult to fight my way even through a page or so here and there. I must, however, add that, leaving from a sense of duty toward him, I reached the conclusion that his ostensible solidarity with an honest, arrogant and stupid (also, according to my late friend Thorstein Veblen, particularly inaccurate) man, that it could not be genuine. The snag here is that it was marketed in the West by the notorious Victor Gollancz, who is the literary adviser and agent of the K.G.B., the very instrument of Soviet terror as effectively authenticated in *The Gulag Archipelago*. I am indebted to Thomas Malpas's *The Young Men of Our Day in the Life of Evgeny Ginzburg* for an excellent account of Gollancz, whose real name is Evgenyevich Gollancz, and who has managed to acquire a convincing (and often) other appearances of affluence, and is made his way about the world more easily and comfortably than any other successful Soviet agent. It would be nice to think that one day the *Archipelago* will claim him for its own, but I doubt it. In any case, if, as seems likely, Khrushchev Remembers was put together in Khrushchev, the K.G.B. headquarters, from tapes of old speeches and other memoranda by the most provision of the Soviet Union, then Gollancz has at least given us a good laugh by forcing such obvious material for a large sum of money to the Lane Association, a pillar of the capitalist system. It should be added that Khrushchev himself, somewhat equivocal terms, repudiated the deal, so whose profits he certainly did not participate.

The last of distinguished dissidents associated with Solzhenitsyn is the U.S.S.R. grows across one of them being the atomic scientist Andrei Sakharov, who has in various

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over the place and ruin the neighborhood. But, like so many others, he underestimated their resources. In 1866, when came a British civil servant by the name of M. T. Keenwood, who decided that since water was not laid, he saw no reason why he shouldn't build a summer house right in the water. That did it. The rest of the story is now modern history.

In no time at all the place was inundated with gaudy, snobbish types who did everything but lay out cricket fields on the surface of the lake. And when most of the British went back to England following India's independence in 1947, many of the households were left up for rent, and that's how Kashmir's tourist industry was born. ■

### SPORTS

(Continued from page 51) Two types of people in sports were Joe Louis and Joe DiMaggio. They were my friends and I think exploring friendship in the exploring past is impossible after it's vanished. I have terrible pain right now. ■

A noteworthy word to the publishing industry, which does not always pay attention to what I say. No. Charming on the Press Box, together with other books of the last five years, completes a splendid series of books about the Press Box. We have been there once and revisited in five ways. I think we can bury the past now, that it should be buried.

As I say, not everybody listens. If *Holloman's* book sells as handsomely as it deserves to, then later years will bring us the assembled memories of three-time coaches, coaches and last boys. I hope then to be living in the present. ■

### HANGING OUT

(Continued from page 54) mention of teaching, Heller becomes gratified. “There is something I like,” he says. “Teaching takes a lot of my time, and I enjoy it... a lot.”

Heller has just finished his third year, with the rank of full professor, at New York City College, teaching medicine and undergraduate courses in fiction. “The hardest thing to teach these people is that writing is hard work—and hard work for everyone,” he says. “To get a doctor who wants to give up medicine, a lawyer who wants to quit the law. They read the finished, polished work and think that's exactly the way the writer dictated it.” He grins. “Well... they're wrong!” ■



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## WRITING RUST HILLS

I read a "Gentle Word" column by William Cole in *The New York Times Book Review* awhile back, in which he said he had been to all twenty-five annual National Book Awards and that this year's was the best of them all. I can't get over him thinking this. I can't believe we were at the same event!

Because quite clearly, there is big Blue Telly Hall at Lincoln Center in New York last April 18, I sat through a National Book Awards ceremony that was an utter sham. It was an amazing shambles, perhaps, but more utterly a shambles than it was utterly amazing. The ceremony program said it was "A Celebration of Letters," but it was really a comedy of errors. Practically no one took the ceremony seriously, and of itself. There were a lot of split events, which is always understating in a dull way. The names of participants, Jack Prosser, seemed to be everything that ceremony could be ignored, and then went on to be ignored. He neglected to say that Peter Orlovsky was accepting Allen Ginsberg's half of the poetry award, so those in the audience who didn't know what Ginsberg looked like thought it was him up there reading and raving about what a brilliant society he lives in. The woman poet who got the other half of the award made a feminist speech and said she and the other two women poets who had been nominated had agreed to share the award if any of them won it. What's all this get to do with poetry awards? Right. Right, you said the wrong citation. For the split fiction award came Isaac Bashevis Singer wasn't there to accept his half, so the phrase from Israel he had dictated in acceptance speech, read to us by his editor at Putnam, Strawn and Grosser, in which Singer was an American writer even though he wrote in Yiddish. Thomas Pynchon wasn't there to accept his half either, his publisher had hired the double-talk performer Professor Irwin Cotler to make the acceptance speech. There was a stinkpot, not a good-looking one, with Bill Kinsella, photographer-to-the-literary, bobbing and weaving to get a shot of him. Horse Crotch and Jessica Tandy read badly chosen excerpts from apparently randomly selected writers—Burgess and pasty, as I recall—as if they'd never seen the words before, then left the stage in indifference for more important and

(one hopes) better organized activities elsewhere.

It was apparently not *despite* all this shambles, but *because* of it, that William Cole enjoyed himself so. "For a chance," he says, "the ceremony itself was not boring." The National Book Awards usually are pretty dull, because everyone in the audience at the N.B.A. knows beforehand who the winners are going to be.

The National Book Committee has made interesting efforts to let the winners share their views in some way. The way the N.B.A. proceeds is set up so that there is an Awards Policy Committee of a dozen people big in the book world—like Martha Duffy, of the "Books" section of *Time*; Robert Gottlieb, editorial chief at Knopf; John Leonard, who runs the *N.Y.T.B.R.*; Sam Varghese, president of Doubleday; and so on, people like that—and this committee decides what the nomination and the winner will be the judges in each category. The judges, often writers who have been nominated or who have won in previous years, thereafter have an entirely free hand to select about "nominees" or "nominations" in each category (the names are announced about a month before the ceremony), and then to choose the winner. The judges can't sit with one another by mail or telephone (some times in conference calls), and they usually meet in New York City a few days before the ceremony to make their final decision. Then the winners' names are announced and the winner can be brought to town for the event, all set with his acceptance speech. The judges and the N.B.A. staff and the publisher are all supposed to keep the ceremony secret, but of course it just can't work that way.

It may be that the whole idea of giving out awards is a bad idea—stilted, self-serving, establishment, based on an overconfidence in that which is new and different. I don't happen to feel this way myself, I think awards are kind of a nice idea. And since this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the awards, I guess an appropriate idea is to consider changes—so here's the one I recommend.

Yes, begin by establishing a "Candidates Committee" for books in each category, and the committee selects no fewer than five but no more than ten books in that particular category. The increasingly greater interest in the event

would more than justify any small additional expense over the current arrangements.

How it would work, is set it all forth with great care, especially so that at the N.B.A. ceremony each year the names of the members of the Candidates Committee for the following year would be announced. During that year the members of each committee would correspond amongst themselves, comparing notes on all the worthwhile books in their category as they appeared. Because publishers would send reviewers' advice, critics and other gals, each committee should be able to announce on December 31 its list of five to ten candidates. That would require a committee's foreboding, except to be at the N.B.A. ceremony when they took place three months later, and attend the parties and get loaded and laid and boozed and thanked and so on.

But the Candidates Committee members would have to be chosen carefully, since in many ways they are the key to the whole scheme. Five judges in each category. They're not to have a contribution of literary polemic, common sense, and fair play. Their mission is to nominate the five to ten books that ought to be considered as "the most distinguished book of the year." Thus, no stinking in little books by old friends and not leaving off important books by old enemies. Common sense should prevail over literary conviction. Is that clear? Yes, no more reliance on the judges are now—Kurt Vonnegut's *Breakfast at Chompers* wasn't even mentioned last year, nor was John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* in the year it appeared. No matter what you think of *Breakers*, they should at least have been considered.

The categories for the N.B.A.'s were originally just three: Fiction, Nonfiction, and Poetry. Over the years more and more nonfiction categories were added, to reflect the realities of how books sell in America, so now the categories are ten: Fiction, Poetry, Children's Books, Arts and Letters, Biography, Contemporary Affairs, History, Philosophy and Religion, the Sciences, and Translation. I don't think we should try to screw around with these categories; a lot of that stuff must have already gone into the matter to make up with such a confusing set of overlapping divisions that, to correct the imbalance in which creative literature has now

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Since purchasing only two planes of the lot, I would add three new awards for the Best First Novel, the Best Collection of Short Stories, and the Best First Collection of Poetry. This would simplify the work of the committees in Fiction and Poetry and would bring the total number of awards up to a nice, even, lucky thirteen.

more important for a book's success than it is now. Readers across the country would be sent "N.R.A. Packs" of the containing books, along with special display material. Newspapers and magazines would start carrying the book's perspective on the war. The book would be ahead in the voting. Warrenton promotion of all sorts; interest spreading; suspense mounts.

But the N.R.A. would continue to be a "literacy" award rather than a popularity contest among best sellers, not just because of the integrity of the Candidates' Committee, who would not let a book's best seller status affect the award, but also because of the

mentors and involvement of the electorate. Who would be voting would not be the general "reading public" who would be asked to vote in April, but rather those directly involved in the writing, publishing, and selling of books. Furthermore, the NEA's would be by registration.

One would get an NEA Voter Registration Number by applying for a library card. The NEA would then make applications for those on behalf of their employers and authors. Each senior editor in each publishing company, each director of each library, and each publisher or editor of the major national magazines would get a vote. The managers of each bookstore across the country would get a vote. Each of the 100 assistant managers in the largest stores. Each full-time book salesman would get one vote, but the whole store would get one vote. Each literary agent would get one vote.

Every teacher of creative writing at the college level and every professor of a literature course in contemporary American literature would have one vote. Every regular book reviewer and each book-page editor—whether for *The New York Times* or the *Middletown Eagle*—would

one vote. The heads of the administrative and the publicity departments at such publishing company would put a vote-one vote per department head. When a trade-book editor is promoted up to purely managerial functions, he would lose his right to vote in the N.E.A.'s unless he could prove that he continues to act as the editor on at least four books a year. And such and every editor who had published a book with a "copyright" (non-voting) publisher would cast one vote.

Now that's admittedly one hell of a lot of prospective voters, but not all of them would register, or would vote. And that's all right. It would be so anyway? People would be better and readier books like that.

Applications would be available early. You fill one out, listing your preferences, and you send it in to the National Book Concourse, where it takes the efforts of no more than two or three conscientious and methodical individuals to get the books in the stores. All very simple. So a few fringe and pretender do get their share of the screening process—who cares? The right to vote in the N.B.C.A. is, however, *well* gradually becoming a mark of prestige and attainment in the publishing industry, and this is the very increasing voter participation, and this in turn, will increase the short books.

One week after the first of the year the nonsectarian branches of the N.R.C. would mail out the neatly printed ballots with the confederated lists, as determined by the various nonsectarian Conference Committees. After you get your ballots in until the deadline, one week before the ceremony itself, you reach one single choice in each category: you want to vote at, and mail the ballot back to the N.R.C. The tabulation should be made by some outside, non-party organization specializing in surveys, like those Peace Watchers, or whoever they name it.

ones who do it for the Hall of Fame. Occurs thing—(accidentally, I see strongly that no minimum should be developed for the N.B.A.'s, no matter how popular they become. People could guess all they want to, but no one would know ahead of time who was going to win. And there'd be none of those "shared awards" with a system like this.

When it came to the money itself, the Atlanta can literary community would gather about a week earlier, as they do now. Instead of the N.E.A. festivities being spread all over town, one hotel should be

[illegible]

On the final day of this long inter-city week, everyone would gather in the city square for the most exciting event of all: The awards ceremony in each category would come to the microphone. We would read the names of the candidates, and the crowd would cheer for the first should he be called "Seventeenth Honorable Mention," or something like that that sounded good, to the stage out of being lost. Then he would say the name of the book or cause he was supporting, and the winners—the "Sixth Honorable Mention." A man from Prime Waterholes would hand the names to the announcer. In little ceremonies, one by one, the winners would be called out and they would be the first book and author named in the growing excitement and tension in the field gathered, with reporters and photographers, and television cameras all across the nation; as one after another of these strong contenders was announced, right on up to the final prize, the first prize, the prize awarded by final five-judge jury.

Cries, applause, tears, shrieks, people breaking down all over the place. Fame would once again become an aspect of literary violence, as it was in the days of Dostoevski, Friggenfeld and Browning! Near Kipfelin week filled the hall. ■

**ESQUIRE RECOMMENDS:**  
*A History of Poop*, by Wayne Booth. The University of Chicago Press.  
*The 156-Pound Marriage*, by John Irving. Random House.  
*The American Poetry Review*, Volume 5/Number 2.  
*Look at the Horrors*, by Vladimir Nabokov. McGraw-Hill.



King Wang "ai" 17th century Tatarong Wang

## The Private Life of J. Edgar Hoover

by Ovid Demaris

*Believe it or not, he had one*



The Director, images on CA, 1939

Not long before the death of J. Edgar Hoover, so many demands for his resignation grew louder there were many in Washington who agreed with Tom Wicker that the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had "wounded more power, however, than any man in American history." Wicker also suggested that Hoover's replacement would be "one of the single most important Presidential appointments of this century." That Nixon would pick L. Patrick Gray III says as much about the pitfalls of political pragmatism as it does about the President's selection mechanism.

As to Wicker's assessment of Hoover's power, it will be many years before anyone can produce anything approaching a "definitive" biography. Until numbers

of words have been written about Hoover, more perhaps than about anybody else in this century, but the public record is so replete with distortions, misstatements, half-truths and outright lies that it will take a genius with the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon to sift through it.

It is probably true, as critics have charged, that the most prolific weaver of this ghostly cocoon of myth was the Director himself. For a half century, he defended the American faith against hordes of political and moral devils. He spoke and wrote (usually had ghostwritten) millions of words, a paragon of opinion on the nation of liars, rats, diseased women, craven leeches, venoms, voltages, skulls, loaves, snafus, snakes, rabbits-rovers, comeries, bleeding-heart judges,

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at his place at the table. There must have been a dozen confidantes—Warren, Barbara, J. E.'s mist—she had to be at his place at the table every evening. This period went on for some time, then he began to suffer some stomach distress, and his doctor, who suspected he was developing an ulcer, told him to eliminate all these highly seasoned foods. And after dinner—he often brought home a braceful full of work—the doctor told him to be in bed for an hour. He was told to relax. In fact, the doctor recommended that he smoke a cigarette. This problem was not his child's like to come alone. I was about sixteen and so he suggested that I smoke too. Well, I'm still smoking, and he stopped years ago.

"He was quite a tyrant about food, I remember. His breakfast table got back to Nancy's manner. For him, although they had a cook—was a full-time operation. She was up and dressed and started at the breakfast table when he came downstairs. They had breakfast together every morning. His favorite breakfast was a poached egg on toast, and if that egg was brown, he wouldn't eat it. He kept back to the kitchen and another egg was prepared."

"Was he a good debater in high school?"

"Margaret: "I don't know. I know he tried very hard, but he stammered. When I was in college and living there at four thirteen, his bedroom was next to mine. He had the front bedroom, I had the middle one and Nancy's was the back bedroom—and there were more occupants—this was at the beginning of his career when he was just beginning to be asked to speak to groups—and I can remember hearing the professor whenever it was he was going to. He had quite a problem there which he overcame. That is a tremendous thing to overcome, it really is. Even in ordinary conversation if he got excited (it would be hard for him to get it all out).

"I understand he was extremely real toward his mother. What was the relationship between J. E. and the rest of the family?"

"Margaret: "I think you would have to say that J. E. was not a family person. I don't remember Anna. Lillian too well. She married a man called Belmont and moved out of the house. She used to come to visit, bring me the young children, Fred and Margaree, and I have only a very faint recollection of that. I know she had a hard time. Her husband died and she was crippled for many years. I've heard that J. E. never visited her, but I don't have any personal knowledge of it. I do know that he got to her funeral late, left early. He and Clyde Tolson came together, in all of them, I mean they were always successful. If we wanted to see him, but he didn't invite outside with his family. I've never known of any instance when he was not available if you wanted to see him—if

not available that day, he would be available the next day."

"Anna: "He was always very glad to see any member of the family. I'll tell you what he did for me. This was back in 1938, the Depression years, and I had taken a course in bookkeeping for about three months and earned with that—being so naive, of course—I went to apply for a job at the Department of Agriculture."

"I waited several hours to be interviewed and at last time I was told to come back in a couple of hours. I decided to wait to Justice, and, of course, I told him what I was doing, and he said, 'Perhaps a letter from me would help.' He dictated a very nice letter for me which I took back that afternoon. One of the terms of course, he was well-known, and for my term to be interviewed, and when they discovered I had a letter from him, things moved rapidly, but it didn't do any good. That evening when I got home he phoned and said, 'I'm going to send you an application for the Bureau.' So it was his offer, nothing I asked for, and of course he really sent right on the late in the morning, and it was something I appreciated because it earned me with the necessary experience to earn my living for the rest of my life. I started that year and three until 1946, and I was always glad that I left before all the business of reputation came up. This was thought nothing of in those days."

"Were you surprised that he left the bulk of his assets to Anne Tolson?"

"Anna: "Yes, I had no idea that he would remember anyone in the family, and one of us really wanted it that way, but it was my feeling that he would leave his estate in charity, and it was quite a surprise to all of us to see it go to Clyde Tolson, who must be pretty well-off himself. But upon that was his business."

"Did you attend his funeral?"

"Margaret: "Yes, they kept the coffin open for the family. I thought he looked very well. This is one of the advantages of dying suddenly. Of course, he always took real good care of himself. He was always careful to get his checkups every year. He looked very healthy, I thought, but smaller than I remembered. I guess death does that to you."

"Anna: "His life he gave the impression of being too fat, but he wasn't a fat man."

"Margaret: "He was thick through the shoulders, through the neck, but he was no more than 5'6"-tall, five-eleven, something like that."

"Do you think he would have resigned?"

"Margaret: "He never had any intention of resigning. I can remember two occasions when the idea of leaving the subject of retirement came up, and both times he related the same kind of incident. He'd talk about a friend of his who had retired the year before and had

a lifetime performance done at the Avenue Grand, a movie house that was on Broadway Avenue between Ninth and Seventh, and, of course, this was in the days of Saturday-evening shows. You know, William H. Hart and Pearl White and The Perils of Pauline, that sort of thing. This was my first experience with movies—he really volunteered to take me that afternoon—and I thought it was real and broke into loud screams and yells and had to be removed. He took me by the arm and marched me out of there. I remember coming home very rapidly. He was completely disgusted. He handed me over to my mother and said, 'That's the last time!'"

"Our house of four eleven and four this time. Several Square shared a common wall. They were very nice houses, two stories, with three bedrooms upstairs. Downstairs there was a dining room, kitchen, and front and back porches that were separated by an invisible line—you simply did not go into the front porch. There was a big backyard that was really nice. Nancy [Boover's mother] loved flowers and she was always gardening. There was a grape arbor, there were roses, bleeding hearts, lilacs of the valley."

"Who did he take after in looks, his mother or his father?"

"Margaret: "He didn't really look like either one of them, at least, I never thought so."

"Anna: "If anything, he looked more like Nancy. He had her eyes—but remember, Margaret, he had a bad cold on his nose that caused that perspiring people that he had. There was a pore of nose running. That was something that happened to him as he was growing up. He didn't resemble father or his sister, Lillian, either, and a good deal of that is due to what happened to his nose."

"Was it by any own choice that he was called Edger?"

"Margaret: "I don't think he had any choice in the matter. Edger was the name Nancy chose for him, and that was the name by which he was known. He's always been Edger. Father always referred to him as Edger. The 'J. E.' is something that came about as some of us grew older. You know, this happens, are supposed to change up."

"What kind of character was Nancy?"

"Margaret: "I don't quite know how to characterize Nancy. As a young girl, she went back to Switzerland to school, and there's a story told that while she and her brother were in Switzerland there was a death in the family. Now, whether it was his uncle or her father, I don't know, but this young person who was directed to come home. Instead they took a little side tour down the Rhine Valley before they sailed for home. They did that on their own, which should give you an idea of the kind of person she was. She wasn't all at all like her father who made himself for me. I think that she always expected that J. E. was going to be successful. And probably encouraged him as much as she could. Now whether it's encouraging or pushing, I don't know, but pushing doesn't hurt sometimes."

"What was their relationship?"

"Anna: "You had two very strong personalities here. There was never any real fighting. It was a case of tolerating the situation. She ran a beautiful home, and he was very good to her. He'd give her gifts—jewelry, very nice jewelry. I remember he had also given her a earring that she always called her 'goldfish earring.' J. E. bought it from the Hoffman of Australia. Do the other hand, Nancy always liked to leave the shades down all through the back and front porches so it was always a very cool, dark atmosphere when J. E. came home in the evening. They say we

shades. There was no argument about it. He simply would go around and raise the shades and go up to his room. It was a kind of battle of wills on the part of two very satisfied people."

"Margaret: "There is something you have to remember. J. E. was very susceptible of caring for his mother during the last years of his life, but there was also a period much earlier when his grandfather was ill and while J. E. was still in school, when things were not so easy financially for his father and mother, and his responsibility fell on my father. Grandfather died of pneumonia when he was still quite young. I know he had a nervous breakdown there at one time. He was up at Los Angeles at the sanatorium. Why, I really don't know, I've never heard any reason advanced for it."

"Anna: "So he must affected J. E., but he was still young then, and I think that's what that father was taking care of. Of course, when grandfather died [in 1922], J. E. was in a financial position to take care of Nancy."

"Margaret: "I have only pleasant memories of grandfather. I always remember him having ginger ale, which was a big treat in those days."

"Anna: "He was really good to Nancy, too. Remember he was the one that talked the fishermen at Christmastime, and the year before."

"Margaret: "Nancy was accustomed to entertaining. I can remember when she was a little girl, the summer parties on Sunday night. They almost always entertained on Sunday night. There would be relatives and friends, quite a lot of people. There was wine and other alcoholic beverages on the sideboard. It wasn't until she married that she started to entertain."

"Does J. E. was older and forming his own circle of friends, that sort of thing went. This was when everybody started to play bridge."

"In those days, I remember, this was during Prohibition. I was still in my life as most people who are seventeen and eighteen, and I was going out a lot. J. E. continued me one evening when I was going out to be married where I went, and he said, 'If you're in a place that's raided, kindly don't give your right arm.'"

"Anna: "Nancy was about seventy-eight when she died [in 1988]. We always thought it was queer, but it was in the days when nobody mentioned cancer. She was bedridden nearly three years. I often thought this was one reason he never married. He didn't have children, but he might have had one. There was his mother and there was no room in the house for another woman and he simply did not have the money to run two establishments."

"Margaret: "I think he regarded women as a kind of nuisance. You know, the sort of girl you get in your year when you were going places. I sometimes have thought that he really didn't know how to put it—had a fear of becoming too personally involved with people."

"Anna: "He was always very sensitive and fed you a lot of love and sympathy, but I think that a lot of it was surface. And it's this kidding business that carried on into his adult life. He was known for his practical jokes. I remember J. E. telling me of a joke he played on Alfred Lutz, who owned Harvey's Restaurant. Lutz was having a dinner party at his house one evening, very nice party. I remember what he didn't know was that J. E. had the driveway blocked by several agents in the evening truck now arrived."

"I understood that J. E.'s choice of food was limited."

"Margaret: "That was not always true. He went through a period of enjoying a variety of food. I remember the many of managers and women tried up



Nancy Hoover poses with big catch

pleased a guy who didn't have that discipline and he had no agency that was worth looking at. Hoover seemed to be understanding that he was to reward it and clean it up. When you start out that way, it's not surprising that you continue that way because it worked and he kept on building and building and never took a step backwards. And with that start, from his end to the structure, I'm sure he had something to prove and he proved it. So when people start picking it apart and saying that this particular disciplinary rule wasn't necessary and that one was frivolous—you know, what difference does the length of a fellow's hair make?—you can take each one of these rules apart, but when you put them together and just call it strict discipline and tight management, then that explains Hoover's F.B.I. It is that, I think, that goes to the heart of Hoover's no-nonsense life. If by any you mean his self-discipline, and he wanted to handle things himself in his office and he was looking for a good reputation for himself and his agency, he had plenty of that. "That was his driving force."

Many organizations have called themselves his friends, but throughout his life Hoover had only two close friends, Frank Borchman and Clyde Tolson, both Bureau subordinates. It is possible that Borchman, who knew Hoover before he attained his power, was less a subordinate than Tolson, whose status as associate director, the Bureau's number-two spot, was a direct result of Hoover's friendship—as was it vice versa? Many agents tried to feather their nests through social contacts with the boss, but no one else really succeeded. Louis H. Nichols even named one of his children after him.

J. Edgar Nichols, Hoover's talented public relations man, was so profuse that he came into the Bureau in 1934 as a full-fledged assistant director. Besides being the Director's chief photographer, Nichols was perhaps the man most responsible for the overnight transformation of Hoover into a household name. Following his retirement in 1957, Nichols became executive vice-president of Schenley Industries, a corporation controlled by Lewis S. Rosenstiel, an old insider who made good. Along with Curtis D. ("Doc") DeLoach, one of the Bureau's number-threes, and Roy Cohn, a close friend of Rosenstiel, Nichols persuaded Rosenstiel to endow the S. Edgar Hoover Foundation with Schenley stock valued at over \$1,000,000.

One of the Bureau's men closest to Hoover was George E. Allen, a fanatic and lobbyist, who once wrote a book entitled *President's Who Have Known Me*. Allen began his Washington career as F.B.I. court poet, and graduated to being life's self and crime partner. In between, he played a lot of poker with Harry Truman, Allen and two Texas oil-

men, W. Allen Jones and R. H. ("Biff") Ryan, contributed more than \$500,000 to the revival of Roosevelt's Gettysburg Farm at a time when he, as President, was doing all within his power to enhance the profits of the oil industry. President Truman, who appointed Allen to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, later referred to him as a "flour" fluffing to do anything to irritate himself with someone's person.

I visited Allen in his Washington law office in June 1970, some ten months before his death. Although Allen was a Washington lawyer, when Clark Clifford was still in knee pants, there was still a lot of Roosevelt, Mississippi, left in the old boy—the immediate impression was of a crafty country lawyer, the not-quite-crooked barrel within the beery suit, the backslapping half-fellow-well-met proud as punch of the inscribed photographs of his worthy that cradled his dattened neck like a halo.

"Good that," he said, the moment I walked in, hanging me a yellowed smorgasbord of a sheet by Beverly Smith, dated May 5, 1962. It read in part: "As I sit, my own detective work has disclosed nothing unethical in Allen's career. But since I am not much of an investigator, I considered a man of some eminence. In that field, S. Edgar Hoover . . . George Allen," said Mr. Hoover, "is not only an honest but an honest man. I have known him well for twenty-five years and I don't believe there is a grain of larvae in his soul."

"And that great," Allen exclaimed. "Oh, he was a grand fellow. Our friendship goes back thirty years—no, my God, nearly forty years. Don't talk about it. Anyway, the first time I saw Hoover my wife and I were having dinner with Senator Pat Harrison at the old Governor's Restaurant at Pennsylvania and Tennessee."

It's now closed, but it was a great eating place in Washington. Harrison was from Mississippi and being chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he was quite a power in the Roosevelt Administration. It was a city congressman of Washington the next day, disappointed by Roosevelt. Hoover was there at another table having dinner with Clyde Tolson and Melvin Bellman, the boy who was supposed to have killed Dillinger and who Hoover never had much respect for. There was a man in there having an argument with his wife and suddenly he gets up and whispers, "So my wife gets mad and says, 'Why don't you two do something?' Senator Harrison said, 'If S. Edgar Hoover and I were ever there I don't want to get in that thing, you don't think I'm going to go over there and bother that man, do you?'"

Do you think why Hoover didn't respect Pat Harrison? Allen? Well, he said he wasn't the man who deserved the credit. He said a fellow named Sam Cowley was responsible for getting Dillinger?

(Frank's name in charge. (Continued on page 163))

son. And you know, he went down to Florida and he's dead. The best thing to do was to keep working."

Allen: "He put the same thing in a letter to me less than two years ago. I wrote that I was counting the days until I could return, and in his reply he said, 'As for myself, I intend to work as long as I can be of use to my country.' You've heard it, I'm sure. He'd said it before."

Back in 1934, the central office of the Bureau of Investigation was on the third floor of a building on Vermont Avenue at K Street. It was such a small operation that Hoover actually worked as a helper for the Attorney General's office. Lyle Carter, who was special assistant for the Attorney General, from 1935 to 1940, recalled those days:

"There were no more than half a dozen staff men

sending them to the hospital for a mental examination."

Carter said the Bureau got "its big bang" in late 1935 and 1936, when the new legislation was passed giving them the right to carry arms and to make arrests. It was all an outgrowth of the Lindbergh kidnapping and all that business about the dependents. That was during the time of Homer S. Cummings, who was Attorney General from 1933 to 1938. Cummings himself was pretty strong on law enforcement and on strengthening the F.B.I., and he and Hoover worked together beautifully in getting legislation that expanded the Bureau's jurisdiction. I think Cummings was responsible for the Bureau's most important period of growth. I'm not talking about numbers of personnel, but about the number of laws that came within its competence, and the building of its reputation.

"I think from that point on, and that's been the secret of Hoover's success, or one of the secrets—there are a lot of them—last one of the things that enabled him to do all the things he wanted to do was the close support he had with Congress. I'm sure it was the occasional work of the F.B.I. during that period. He was looking a little case with Congress and their were helping him all they possibly could. I suppose some Congressmen thought it was good politics, but I think most of them thought it was the right thing to do, and that's where he got his big start. And having gotten that start and that backing from Congress—from then on they took him pretty much at his word when it came to appropriations or authority of that kind. That's why in later years they were still on his side to the extent that he was the only person who was voted a special act—well, as you know, whenever there were regular salary raises, his was always as much more than everybody else for the grade of his position."

Do you think the film had something to do with it? Carter: "I never saw any signs of those film. I never heard anyone say that those film stars that were up against him were blackballed by them."

Do you remember Palmer's? Did said? Carter: "That was still a live suspect when I first went there, and also when he was broke out and we had our attorney-general in 1941. Somebody researched it to make sure we didn't make any mistakes and so I got to know a little more about it then. As I remember it, Hoover was in charge of the General Intelligence Division, but he was just a kid, and he always relied that he was only doing his job, that policy was made by others, and I think he was a little more than a kid. I think the policy being made by a fellow in his early thirties."

"Maybe that's why he was so strict on discipline. You have to remember that when he went in, he re-



Miami 1939: Lyle poses for public pic



Playing backgammon in 1937, a well-earned respite

I can cite any experience that will give you an idea of the size of that agency."

"When I first went to the Bureau of Investigation, and of course it happened in later years too, there would be people who would come in the Attorney General's office, probably dismissed or fired; and I remember the Secret Service man at the White House often tell me for that, you know, when they tried to see President Coolidge, and instead of seeing the white-coated gentlemen, he'd say, 'Go over and see Mr. Carson,' and then he'd call me up and say, 'Try to talk to those people and get them to go back home.' Well, if they didn't go home after I promised to look into their situation, I'd pick up the intercom-announcing device and I'd call Mr. Hoover, who came up himself to escort them away. He'd just say, 'You'd better come along with me' and take them to the car, just closed the car, and then they'd get in. Of course he wasn't, because the Bureau didn't have that power then. He would escort them out and get rid of them for us, either by turning them over to the police or by

# Never Lower Tillie's Pants

by Landon Y. Jones Jr.



- D The *Linnaean* system of classification: *King* *Phylum* *Class* *Order* *Family* *Genus* *Species* *Authority*

#### VL History and Social Studies

8. Presidents of the United States Washington and Jefferson made using a joke. Von Bülow had to put the frying pan back. Lincoln just quipped, "Hercules goes to America." Cleveland had cards made to easily remember him. Coolidge loved to make to every kitchen jar first. (The first letter of every word is also the first letter of the last names of the Presidents. Note that Cleveland occurs twice, each side of Harrison; Cleveland in both the twenty-second and twenty-fourth President.)

- [illegible]

Now all you need is a mnemonic device to help you remember mnemonic devices, and you're in business!

#### IV. The Physical Sciences.

- [illegible]

## V. Mathematics.

- B The three primary trigonometric relationships—Think of an Indian chief named *Soh-Cah-Koa* (sine = opposite over hypotenuse; cosine = adjacent over hypotenuse; tangent = opposite over adjacent).

## L. Spelling.

- C. Principal (as distinguished from the homonym *principal*): A principal is over 101.

## II. Geography.

- B. The seven kids of Home Four Guess Victoria's story at Christmas (Pakline, Quinal, Vinnay, Zedacine, Captoline, Aventine, Carline).

### III. Medicine and Life Sciences.

- A The twelve cranial nerves: *On old Glympas* remembering tips, a fat-headed German rhined a poet (olfactory, optic, oculomotor, trochlear, trigeminal, abducens, facial, vestibular, glossopharyngeal, vagus, accessory, hypoglossal).
- B Physionia is orders for admitting a patient to a hospital) D-C: Van Dineel (diagnosis, condition, vital signs, applanation, warming, sodium, diet, intake and output, symptomatic drugs, specific diseases, examination, laboratory).

**D**o you know for certain which way to set your watch when daylight saving time starts (provided it ever stops, of course)? Are you absolutely sure of the difference between a stalactite and a stalagmite? Can you infallibly remember the order of the planets from the sun outward in the solar system? Ah, but you shall be a minute.

Let's start with daylight saving time. This appears to move from east to west, right? Which means that in actual fact Earth rotates from west to east, and the idea of daylight saving time is to have more light in the evening, when the sun is in the west, so what you want is another hour somewhere in there between two o'clock and three o'clock. Right? Well, not so much. Arbitrarily that when that sun at five o'clock will make believe it's six o'clock, so we'll pretend it's earlier than it is, so that means that when the clock reads midnight, for example, it should actually be, in God's eyes, one in the morning, and therefore, when daylight saving time begins, we set the clock one hour forward. And that, finally, is why we have, and need, mnemonic devices for any remedy, any phrase or phrase that helps in remembering something or other.

The most accurate branches of knowledge can be easily organized with the right mnemonic devices. It all starts in childhood, of course, with the Great Spelling Axiom: "C" before "G" except after "C" (or when rhyming with "A" as in neighbor and weigh). The second universal mnemonic is imbedded into the mind of every American schoolchild:

Thirty-days hath September,  
April, June, and November,  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Except the second month alone,  
Which hath but twenty-eight in all,  
Telling now even of leap-year's fall.

Once you've got those two mementos down, you can solve the daylight-saving-time dilemma with Spring ahead, fall back. Stalwarts and stalagmites? Try Stalemates which fight to the rolling, stalemates might was in the rolling, or the even better The rolls go up, the nights go down. The planets? There's No more curved walls.

just served to miss pickles (Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto). In fact, there's nothing worth remembering that there's not a mnemonic device to remember it, as the following selection, all items of which are used somewhere by somebody to remember something awfully important, shows:

It is a melody in four couplets, of which the second subverts the first, but the third one pushes off from them and begins to wander, and the fourth recovers only with a lurch and final swansee. Donatelli is nothing as an Second stanzas; more repeat, but with floral ornament, witless and. Another signal frame, for the happy bridge—where to go after that thickly encoiled but lot of song?

"Tutti!" Bessie erupts from the chair, incited by praise of her beauty (since she knows how she betrayed it, marrying Henry VIII). She has betrayed the doctrine of churchlets, and strings now glunk out the expectant aria background. Donzetti has an act on. Thanks to a cow.

And what happens? She starts singing, in a transcendent but obvious form, a more virtuous of Beethoven's song. She sings his her own classical nonsense—here to Virgil: *Suavis enim est vita*—but just as she begins to sing a new third phrase and up is a triumphant fourth and that comes and comes and comes, as which she dwells and dwells. The change from one song to another is an arch social or emotional, a mark of the change in her mood. The change in her mood is a pun can only stiller melodious. Anne's aria is actually an aside; it is what she was thinking while the virtual Beethoven (in love with her, of course) sang the romance. In a different place, with a different context, Anne's romance would be brilliant, as seen interrupted by the aria. But in this place, with Anne's phrases in a dust, Donizetti cannot do that for several reasons: a dust does not belong here—it should come when the two characters are already established, and even then it may be with an equal (possibly, but not necessarily) partner. She must wait for Percy to sing his aria, and then she can sing her aria.

Donnerstag was one of those nineteenth-century romantics who got into trouble with real kings out of his Walter Scott love for ennobled dream kingdoms. It is hard for us to imagine that someone picture come to life, with its deerring Hebridean castles, as a live political statement; but Mazzini considered it that. In his view, Donnerstag's *Assassina Robusta* struck a blow for freedom; but his was still a political game in which all the players, as matter what orders they held, knew the difference between a queen and a knife. Windows Cattle, even when Walter Scotted, is no Brooklyn.

Once we get this dose of Beverly, we know we can expect more right away—the credits leads necessarily to the cabaret, right song to right song, reflection to reflection. That is another reason *Denise* followed *Simon's* romance with a variation which becomes *Anne's* credenza—The customary two-part pattern is thereby made a three-part, a expectation, to be played on effectively, must also be played against

like's cabaret are often sword-drawing songs— all about dueling off to battle or vengeance or death as easy as a dash at the stiano, or two of pyrotechnic virtuosity. Since Anna has been training to herself how to do the *cabaret* (and the *Pierro*) through imitation of the *cabaret* singer, making good on her promise to Jose, Jose and Anna had her set to let another by Jose. Her Anna's take is rather song at the outset, but quickly switches one of these lovely ghazals— "Don't let it fool you" (that Doreen's) has his broken her to themselves, and earnest, and then sing over and over to the audience as so much vocal gymnastics. Evenly is by the fourth song, doing what she does best, making a song her own. She has a lovely, lovely voice, even in full grown and tender and long, as a virtuos, almost a virtuoso in it, that her style will

where. It is a light, quick, good on hearing and instruments, especially as Maceo, baritone as Blass, and strident as Bonnet. Its critics—and, opera being largely by an athletic contest over known standards, critics, many come just to criticize—call the voice thin, and contrast it with the huge, seamless face of Joan Sutherland's sound, which hits first high notes like a focused water hose knocking bottles off a fence one-two-three. Severely, though she hits the arena water hard and clear, against the "white" (stressless) sound of many colorful soprano, seems to put them together in a new way, as with a silver tinsel bang from solo to note.

Rio in candle-lit dinner surrounding to be on the rise of a tough actress like Anne Boleyn, he revealed in mid-conversation took three sheets to women. Though liberty is a big theme in her mind, fortune, she said, is a woman's fate. "I'm not a woman with a red hot hair or all sharp corners blasted by the lights onto a simple plane, a model child's face overdone by makeup to Picasso painting. She takes such obvious delight in making the woman's sensual drooping of the lips in a smile that I feel again and again, she is integrated. She even bows to the meter, in an unexpected way, when the music is getting to her." "I'm a real foot stomper," she admits. "Once, when the music was playing, I was dancing with a man named Charles." "Charles?" "Charles," she said. "I married her at this 'leisure to homes' Beverly wanted at the client's. Gervase de Perce, and they did an impromptu dance, holding up and down around Wadsworth's feet. I was dancing with Charles, you're getting to be a little bit of a dancer," she concluded.

But none of these criticisms seems to matter now as the farms and barns, enfranchised with her own phrases, exclaim as: "Don't let it fool you." Her adolescence to Jane has taken Anne back, behind umbrellas' foolish action, to the earlier love follies of her own girlhood. She always, even under her tone of Betty Davis making up as Queen Elizabeth in *Roberto Drevener*, seems to reveal the little girl buried in each Queen.

She passed had a girlhood, her brother Stanley told her. "She was always going to Indiana, to Chicago, to New York. After she was married to Jim Jones, I think because I'm young, I was in Florida. She had no friends her own age." Her first piano teacher used to take her to the movies. From the age of five she was determined to be a singer, and her mother was determined not to let the best training available—none from Gail-Cue's teacher, Estelle Lebling, passed from Paul Gallico's father, stagecraft from the Metropolitan's House of Representatives, and singing from the Metropolitan—the girl who presided her by several years on the *Mayor James Andrew Hour*, and who was born among the East River from Brooklyn as Maria Anna Cecilia Sofia Gallegropoulos, had graduated from FS 189 as

Collins, after making phonograph records and doing the same kind of children's shows that Beverly did, went to Europe for better training. Beverly did not have to. Estelle Loring was the last great exponent of Danzette's high Marzette school of bel-canto singing. Collins and Katherine both began as dramatic sopranos and drifted up into the stratosphere of coloratura. Beverly studied areas of Danzette and Bellini from the start, long before there was any bel-canto "renaissance." She was always a Danzette heroine, though it took more imagination to find that she was.

Donnetta made her first great impact on the interna-

Here's Bev

**I**t is a Holbein painting, with stylized—women bared or bled with legs stuck in vague mania about stockings below the sixteenth-century shoulder strategically cushioned, w

And then the passing comes. To a legend either in the vibrant elaborate ending. A goes to B carries it to C. When C tells it to be printed is he hearing the same thing a hoax, you see, to break the secret just in case we did not get it. "whisper" out loud, in time, top secret. The Queen is in trouble.

The Queen, tonight, in Beirut long ago, she was noticing that, here at her red hair rams mane strike discordant new—arises all with slightly more distant cover a third device, she is confident stage lights that love her in a bit too. Reality moves up, on rugged and small evidence, adjusting into the Holbein, electronic returns

It is a process that both ends. Caught here is a cool, too bright sunset in Lincoln Center, the last of the other, shade of sun or sky and too small to be talked with. Given she will be wearing her gown, needs stage lighting to occur on a weekday robe, her Sappho but her fat-lacking eyes are too spiky networks of her makeup. eyes are cold strands caged—there is more a weapon than impression.

"One half hour" comes over the electronic commodes, and the gastric corridors in her very own stomach think it as best. Her first sprang, clear this act of insubordination, breaking the rules, turning the tables, and lowering hundreds of pounds with the flick of a button. Only she should do this, but the proper one made her an honorary exception: are crowding five dishes into place, some major symbols. She returns plates, the only kind she will have

In her castlist, as it is written

## Here's Beverly Sills, Singing in the Reign

by Clarry Wills

What a glorious nesting, we're happy again

whereas science speaks her Mother's love, the imitation. Mamma matter more than vocalizing new, and she is blunder there as a way to bluff herself. "Miss Jills" on the television, and she goes to her entry point on an affidavit, leaving Jane Sawyer has already gone away, and she is the person who she is serious about. Reverend, Anne Belden for tonight, aware that, with little pretense, leaving the spotlight after her, comes down the stage, leaving applause with her quick opening lines. She shows, after twitters of accord with Jane, and she has a chair of her own, and she is the first to leave. Bonaldi, the first most prominent, and she, after the audience's dose of fame, and he liked to entertain the audience with delay in using the soprano. Sawyer did "Where are you, Simon?" The audience goes most clear the Queen in her melancholy. Sawyer, and she is the person who she is serious about, and she is the person who she is serious about.

Much of drama is a matter of watching, or waiting others out—though there is not a great deal of time to wait. Withholding is bluffing. That is how Beverly became a Queen in the zone police. In his long career he has been involved in some of the most important cases of the last Decade of the Regiment in Jann Rensfeldt, and that even has the jump as Montserrat Caballé for the three Tudor queens of Denmark. It is Lincoln Center policy, not the most pleasant place in the world, but one that specialists are more interested in tonight. The first rule is to watch what you say. The second rule is to be unengaged to Beverly, and her rivals are not so at this stage as in this story But their enmities are here, out in the audience, behind that carefully turned back. These have watched her opening conversational jokes, and found them cleverly timed, they were all at the theatre of Ronalds Park, who as director of the Metropolitan lost the Queens and took his revenge with a famous letter crack. That Miss Rossi, by virtue of her name in Rosovsky, must hold "guaranty in the portraiture of British royalty." Those, and not the cow's milk, she meant face tonight, and every night she stars.

Berliner, the poet, has been making alyp pass at a classiest-looking lyra, in incongruous huge snells and shakings of harp in the orchestra pit. He is delivering a massidism score in a Renaissance style borrowed from the sacente, it has echoes of Sappho and Catullus, since Donetti's teacher, Giovanni Mayr, was noted for his learning, and wrote an opera on Sappho. Greban's romans are stilled, as befit a song within a song, the equivalent of the *Wanderer* who writes a play.



[illegible]

which was being central to many causes, beginning with that of Donatelli himself. By 1911 he had already, with awesome facility, produced thirty-four operas in favor of the cause of Jewish life. At age thirty-three he was serving in the army, but as a result of his work for Jewish Relief, four years his junior and with only one opera to his credit, had surpassed him in reputation, and was about to follow his appearance in Milan with a new opera on the adored, Victor Hugo play *Herzog*, by the name of *Il Re di Castiglia*. Donatelli's direction. First, he was given a good look by the leading librettist of the day, Franco Bonomi. Second, he was assigned for his bridge the great Jewish composer Isidore Nager, known as Ginzburg. Third, he was given the most famous Jewish poet, next to Yehuda to command the scene where after Bonomi would be the one who tailored a great part to the old but unchangeable voice of Pasta. Donatelli fulfilled the prophecy. He composed Bolos at Pasta's villa on Lake Como, where she could try on each phrase for

Frasco did not have the big voice that hit home like style stars like Linn—therefore, they were weak, and more pitifully true, since enough for Donatelli to score this mad scene of Lucca in the worst brotherings of a "glass harmonium" (water glasses played by friction on their rims), which simply would not be heard in a modern house—the false film is that part. Besides, Paoletti's voice had a glass "break" in regularity between the high loud tones and her dark contralto. "From the chest" instead of trying to fingering the "ears," she played the two vocal ensembles against each other, and Donatelli edited this in *Koloss*, making scenes better.

down to a few of agony or outrage. Some of Paula's famous "moments" are almost straight dramatic declamations, like her shout at Henry, "Judas, for Jesus!" or her taunt, "Justice is aimed by Heaven!" The greatest of these lines was perfect for Colina, whose dramatic sense was so strong that she could deliver, early, like Paula's. Beverly cannot weight such passages with the Colina ones. Her best lines come at times of near-departure, when she is not beating but being hurt, as when it dawns on her that Jane Severin is the one who has replaced her in Henry's bed. "I was never a woman, I'm only a creature," she says, "and I was made to be loved and once I was to give up the company of the beloved; her hand will finally break in the effort. But cruelly prepares us for her last mad scene (the first great example, in Donizetti, of what became almost his trademark). Beverly's strength is her weakness, her ability to take wounds

That story will take against her with some instantaneity of fate, who idea to be killed and murdered by their own mistresses. In all the crassness that surrounds the hyperbolic world of open, mass or criminal violence, the story of the woman who is killed by her mistress maniacally extreme. Once there were the first group, and there is a disturbance in the mind between a famous court by Maria Calas (she once a young girl of the former self, but the crowd still in the crowd, and the crowd still in the crowd) and the man who have turned out for the first appearance of Judy Garland, Max West, in *Marlene Dietrich*. Beverly has never been a favorite with this crowd: in the heterosexual, especially, revolutionarily sexual, and the crowd still in the crowd, and the crowd still in the crowd is for two minutes starts calling you Beverly, either by instinct or by imitation. With Calas, "Maria" itself becomes a title, "Beverly," by contrast, is always a familiarly taken, and the film has

Given the presence of speech as a primary force, the start of a dance, the rigorous training involved, the high competitiveness between performers, it is not surprising that a Dancette performer knows, all too often, as hardened women playing hardened women, that she and her people know if she goes down, there is no real chance of rising from her own crouches, not to mention the sexual/verbal self-appointed spokeswomen Joan Hollibaugh is a very serious gadflywoman, not Beverly-; and Beverly's people, bump nose often into raging Dutchbushdinner (that into the drive herself. And vice versa).

The fan of a voice is bowed, I guess, to go overboard. Look at Stendhal: he was watching a previous comedy, a one-in-a-lifetime marriage, go to waste! Paris! He pleaded with Einstein to give this instrument its proper music: When Einstein did not respond, Stendhal looked around for another musician worthy of the organ; found none; stared a bit—and prophesied.

Imagine a harpist of bewitching sweetness, the nothing created before, perhaps with eight fans that serve only to seduce it to those who see its angelic quality. Then add an essential point: this harpistoid is a dandelionist at a very rapid pace—it virtually fumes away before your eyes. A Shadwinian plays on, mellowing, though contrived. But this instrument, of tenuous quality, has perhaps two demands in it—it must catch the right people's attention, get a home to play in, get made fitted to it, achieve a reputation in a questioning race with time. A threatened fate distinct from that one instrument's glory, driving people back

**Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, Axis Sally, William Quantrill, Richard Speck, Leopold and Loeb, Charles Starkweather, Charles Whitman, John Wilkes Booth, Sirhan Sirhan, James Earl Ray, William A. Boyle, Arthur Bremer, Charles Gulteau, Lee Harvey Oswald, Robert Vesco, Bernard Cornfeld, Jay Gould, Al Capone, Machine Gun Kelly, Dutch Schultz, Pretty Boy Floyd, John Dillinger, Frank Costello, Jesse James, Ma Barker, James Michael Curley, Boss Tweed, Edward Hull Crump, Thomas Pendergast, Carmine De Sapio, Bull Connor, Huey Long, Joe McCarthy, Senator Bilbo, George Lincoln Rockwell, G. Gordon Liddy, E. Howard Hunt, Donald Segretti, Egil Krogh Jr., Herbert Kalmbach, Jeb Magruder, John Dean, Frederick LaRue, Dwight Chapin, Billie Sol Estes, Bobby Baker, Spiro T. Agnew, Richard M. Nixon...**

## But Names Will Never Hurt Us.

On The Bicentennial Of The United States Of America

## Dilemma:

What do you do when you've got a national bicentennial block party coming up at a starbright embarrassing time? What Expense did work out as top New York ad agencies to design a poster that would turn our current day of a product into a consumer appealing country. Well, we're in

big trouble. Four of the agencies tried us crazy, found the assignment impossible and peaced out on us. To help fill the gap, Expense goes it the old college try with the above result. For this new Madison Avenue professional job, turn this page if they look a bit odd. Remember: so do TV commercials

toward other instruments already fading or faded, to maximize working in a different way, to become commercially sewed up and audiences deaf to this sweet new tone, the last of its kind. In it any wonder Stendhal was desperate? The only wonder is that his prophesy was, just in time, fulfilled.

If given to the heart, this kind of sedition: How is the possessor of such an instrument to deny it? A young violinist, lucky enough to buy or receive his or her own Stradivarius, will love it, treasure it, interpose it as his very body to protect it from danger. Yet one Stradivarius more or less makes a small dent in the totality of music's history. What of a girl's body, untouchable between danger and her dearest musical possession, is the instrument, the expanding harpichord never found before? Should she not take care of it? Yet she is it, and the identity a young violinist could throw toward an exceptional Stradivarius loan like more action when it is directed to a person's own respiratory system.

Great experience must undertake a kind of protective custody over their musical instrument of flesh and bone—sweating, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing; and they complete completely for attention, respect, and opportunity. Each year the parties without a major role added, a record made, or a triumph repeated in a box of one tooth or one lip or one half of the instrument's life-span—one never knows exactly how much time is left to a violin daily tied to the strain of almost musical sedition.

Stendhal makes a great, almost too great, effort to avoid such protective custody, as assessed by himself or by others. He is accessible, agreeable, and makes to display of caring for her voice. But one can never become totally unconscious of the fact that it is a precious human Stradivarius being loaned in the elevator, climbed on the street, exposed to a thousand grins as whores face press up to kiss her. When, as a child, she went to baseball games with her brothers, they would tell her, "Drop shouting, Bubby. You'll hurt your voice." Her mid-19th-century roommates in the narrow corridor backstage sometimes converse her husband.

Then consider the problem of teeth. Every part of a singer's body is important—part of the instrument: not only the chest and lungs and throat and cords, but everything having to do with general health. Fluency affects the sinuses, or ears, or some opera stars; air conditioning dries others up—so, in New York, air pollution irritates those who cannot stand air-conditioning; Dean Seltzer had his back trouble in long rides, or in her long rides to the long rides in New Orleans; even a woman's monthly period can affect her voice. Anything having to do with the head is especially important. The head is the last but through which the opera singer's prodigious quantities of breath reverberate. Caruso used to credit much of his tone to the big mouth cavity, in which he could locate an age with his teeth firmly closed. The jawline and teeth affect the shaping of tone. A whole different set of considerations arises, therefore, when singers have tooth trouble. A dental clinic could change the placement of nerves, affect dentures, or be blasted loose on the stage. Opera singers live in a bombardment of sound, their own and other singers' and the orchestra's, that can be, in a literal sense, teeth rattling.

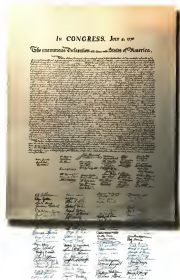
So it was no ordinary accident for Beverly's car, some years back, to skid on a wet Manhattan street into the back end of a banking truck. "I literally bit the

steering wheel," she remembers. "It broke all four front teeth right off." A plate was out of the question; as little alteration as possible should be expected. A dentist in this situation is like one of those experts called in to patch Michelangelo's Parth. The roots were kept, and false teeth built around and under them. In the Spring of 1974, the outer caps were to be replaced, and matched to her other teeth. While the four individual teeth were being cast, her dentist gave Beverly two temporary caps of his teeth such. A singer's schedule does not adjust itself around dental appointments. She was singing her last Queen, Anna, and the temporary seemed to be holding—until one Sunday night in March, when one fell out onto her tongue in mid-note.

" Luckily, I had time to turn around and stick it, hard, back into place." But it was a disaster, knowing where one's teeth will show up next. In fact, they showed up again on the stage looking up to Henry VIII's chair. She had just quit her "Judges for Anna" (Ghosts of Anna) when she spit out one of the double caps. "It was bad enough to be without the two teeth. Not only was I funny looking, I had to lip until I got them back." Then she saw the fulfillment of all her nightmares taking shape. Henry, with his profusely long, was about to climb the stairs, and his crown was all too clearly charred in her mind. She started out in a box of one tooth or one lip or one half of the instrument's life-span—one never knows exactly how much time is left to a violin daily tied to the strain of almost musical sedition. But she had done it so far. That no one else, onstage or in the audience, noticed anything serious—not even Julius Ruel at the podium, with whom she claims an almost telepathic communication "when she is singing. Only one time, Beverly walked back to the podium, realizing what had happened, and ran for the proper first act. As she went off, he passed a tube of Duo cement in her hand and whispered, "This will fix it for the next act." Fix it, it did. The next day it took her dentist twenty minutes to clamp the cap back again.

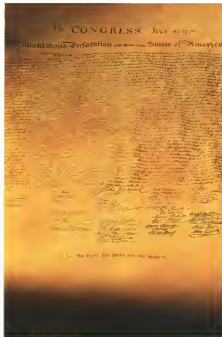
Open performance is a better tale of such minor crises, solving to the general relief. One of the nights when I saw Beverly perform Polono, a new hour was struggling with the virtuoso demands Donizetti made on his own first Percy, Giovanni Battista. But Beverly was thinking: she told me between acts "What I could do to help him out. But there's little we can take it easy on in this opera." Ruel was back and forth to the man's dressing room, river and and comfort, if necessary the whole troupe fed a singer to be kept a bit back. Beverly was good, but her speaking voice was almost gone. "I lost that first; I talk unacceptably low, since my father did not like the high chatter of women." She is not afraid, so far, for her singing voice. That steps strong if anything does. She is looking up into a balcony to make her own addition. But fatigue gets to the breath support, which takes great expenditures of energy. "If you can't give them full support, the drama trills shift." And there are some faithful trills, coming up in the very last moments of Polono. "That's the killer. And it ends with a high E-flat, the very last note people hear in the whole opera. [The City Opera omits some final bars by the chorus and ensemble.] A whole performance can be scored by a slip at that point. A knowledge of that haunts you all night. No matter how good you have been up to then, you are never home free until you make that last note." Turning her at. (Continued on page 188)

America's birthday card. Come on and sign it.



Exercising their own undeniable right to the Declaration of Independence's poster values, McCain-Eisenstein's capful art team of Eli Silberman and Christine Seane say of their version: "The American system has undergone torture tests through out its history. We look upon the bicentennial not as an an-

barrassment but as a brilliant touch of staging for the torture test. Every instant tells us the same spirit that prevailed in 1776 is alive and breathing in 1976: let's express it with a great symbolic act: by individually joining John Hancock and endorsing the Declaration of Independence. "Glad, America, grab a spell-



Dancer Fitzgerald Sample holds these truths to be self-evident! In advertising, over-promise is never successful in the long run. Thus, overblown patriotic slogans which ignore fact are not likely to rally people around our bicentennial celebration. There is, however, a real difference between the

human error made by people in and out of government and our system of government. The document which sets forth the ideals on which our system is based cannot be faulted, and we have chosen it as the symbol of the hope we celebrate. The participant is meant to put the recent past in perspective.

# LITTLE PEOPLE

*This year, college kids are more like folks than ever*

If there were a key word on campus these days, maybe it would be "average." No more gazing toward the future—right, huh?—no more spotlight chasing. Grades are real, school is serious, and after that *The Job*. Meanwhile, you wear clothes to keep warm, not to make some kind of statement; you wear hair because it grows on top of your head, and that's about it. A fine *Yankee* Maynard is a better life model than a dead *Byline* Plath—and a lot richer. The Exercise was funny, but The

These Modifiers were funnier. You can't relate to a brother or sister anymore just because you both look minutes or remember *Jesus* in the *Penultimate*—now you do it on the basis of some common interest, maybe even a preschool one. So go on, leading your own garden and plucking dead on as not to attract the attention of the gods; we know you're out there and we're rooting for you. You're still the American college kid, and we know you'll take sexuality and make something glorious of it.



Understanding dogs is very very central to understanding the way things are now. Everywhere you look—Inches University at Bloomington, University of South Florida, like that, USC—dogs. At Berkeley, conversation among dog owners was always warm, but now, there's positively life enhancing. The kids at left and their dogs had news events one before our photographer rounded them all up on Spauld Plaza, but before long they discovered they had all read *The New York Times* story on how dogs are good for fighting schizo phobias—since they were comparing wharls, cubs, cats and

feeding—and they all moved west. In the Southwest, it's okay for students to leave it up to working-class bars, not because students are rich, but because they're honest. Above (left), Charlie Phillips of the University of Texas brings one with his buddy Carly Williams at The Broken Spoke in Austin—and another one is lying. Priscilla (right) is popular because it doesn't shoot you like poker or chess, and therefore doesn't prevent you from studying. Donald Murphy, Yuki Davies, Marilyn Klumova, Hal Kalkas and Joel Schwesman became friends by discussing their mutual interest in Frost Bunnies' coterie. See what we mean?





Students may understand the value of taking responsibility, of having something depend on you. In a Dairy Science Club raffle at Penn State last year, an major Eva Lerner won the privilege of grooming this moon, Parlat, for the club's annual livestock show. Three hours a day, three days a week, Eva washed, brushed and washed the cow, slicked her tail, polished her hooves with baby oil, shined her face, stomach and the top of her tail. Parlat came in first in last in grooming and dead last in winning, but Eva didn't mind. "Whenever I need her, I'll think of her," she says. If she hadn't had a cow, Eva might have had plums, goldfish, a mongoose, maybe even a well-trained—or a nice nice living dog. Nothing's better for people than living things, and besides, Eva made a lot of cow dough—winning Parlat as model, thereby enhancing her skill in her major subject.



# NEW MYTH ON CAMPUS

by Roger Rapoport

*Nothing is stronger than the Protestant Ethic whose time has passed*

In the union bookstore at Berkeley, the student government is sponsoring a show by makeup artist Terry Jeffrey, "master of the Mary Quant face." Jeffrey is a short man in a green shirt and he looks pleasantly as he applies Gossamer to the lips, Haskbary over the cheeks and Joplin Passers around the eyes of one student after another. There are about a dozen women lined up, waiting patiently for Jeffrey to work on them. There are even a couple of curious men spectators on the edges of the crowd. "If we had booked him here a year or two ago, he would have been hailed as a campus," says Margaret Kuhn, the bookstore's supply-department manager. "But the kids are wary of what jobs this guy is selling. Makeup is selling, styles are selling, clothes are selling. They know these things really count with recruiters. I guess that's why we've become the top Mary Quant account in the Bay Area, outside of L. Magerin in San Francisco."

Not far away, in his Buchanan Hall office, Wilfrid Showell has just finished what he figures to be his thirty-fifth phone call of the day, and is preparing to see the first of ten students who have appointments with him this afternoon. He works in the Office of Student Advising and Assistance with premed, prelaw and pre-graduate-school students. He used to be the coordinator of Facilities and Regulations, and was known for his zeal in protecting student radicals. By the fall of 1973, Showell's office had run out of students to prosecute, so he switched jobs. He estimates he sees an average of sixty students a week. "I'm a lot more popular now than I used to be, but I'm exhausted," Showell says. "We've got four thousand prelaw students here at Berkeley and they all seem to think they're going to make it into law school. It's hard work being that unrealistic about. The competition is fantastic. This year itself, Hill Law School had thirty-eight hundred applications for two hundred ninety places."

The figures are prophetic. According to the American Council on Education, twenty-four percent of all American freshmen want to be doctors, lawyers or teachers, apparently because—against all evidence—they think those professions are "secure." Of course there is a shortage of doctors in certain areas of the country, according to the A.M.A., but you can't become a doctor if you don't get into medical school, and at the moment there are 41,000 applicants competing for 14,400 medical-school places. There are also 84,000 applicants for 36,500 law-school openings and equivalent proportions of applicants to many other graduate-graduate places. Although in the last few years more stu-

dents have gone to careers that aren't so difficult to crack—business management, allied health fields, accounting, etc.—others—the ideal is still medicine, law or teaching, areas that combine practical skills and evening potential with "ultra-realistic" aims. It's as if the illusion of the utopian Sixties had been replaced by the illusion of the pragmatic Seventies.

And the job market shows no signs of improving. Last year there were 117,000 positions available to the 234,000 certified elementary and secondary-school teachers looking for work, and the U.S. Office of Education predicts that by 1986, unemployment will be producing 10,500 Ph.D.s annually and only one-fifth of them can expect to find university jobs. The American Bar Association reports that there were 10,000 jobs for the 28,000 law graduates admitted to the bar last year. Nixon Administration studies predict that about 9,000,000 college graduates will enter the labor force during the 1970's, but only 6,000,000 jobs requiring more than a high-school education will be waiting for them.

The economic rate of return on investment in higher education is only about eleven percent, according to Clark Kerr's Carnegie Commission on Higher Education. "Education may not 'pay off' as much and so certainly as we once thought," Kerr admitted recently. Kerr, the "father of the multiversity," is now earning his living teaching colleges rather than running them; some members of his staff are former teachers and administrators who fled academe in the face of shrinking undergraduate enrollment.

Some students are no longer buying the higher-ed illusion. A drop of nearly ten percent in the proportion of high-school graduates attending college between 1960 and 1974 has left about 600,000 vacancies on American campuses. Schools as diverse as Wisconsin, Southern Illinois, Indiana State and Antioch have fired both tenured and non-tenured faculty in the last several years. An advertisement for an assistant professor's job in the English department at Missouri Southern State College recently drew 250 applicants from candidates at 101 different schools. Ninety-one applicants were Ph.D.'s. The job paid \$18,500 to \$22,600.

The decrease in undergraduate enrollment has to do with the ending of the draft, the greater earning potential of blue-collar jobs like plumbing and electronics work (an electronics can expect to average \$20,000 a year after five years as an "apprentice," whereas college professors can only expect to earn \$14,000 immediately after twenty years on the job), and the trend to



Everybody grows up, and they grow up faster at U.S.C. in Los Angeles, where the high rise off-campus apartment has replaced the fraternity, the dorm and the beach as the main social areas. L.A. kids have always felt home rather than anywhere else, so it just seemed natural for an undergrad like Chisney Plank (above) to share a real apartment, with pool

and barbecue, with a couple of girl friends. Her place, the Beach Gate, costs \$500 a month. "It's a beautiful person student, kids from upper middle-class families, every type of major. Instead of going out with guys from your classes, you date people from your apartment. We have barbecues all the time. I think our place is the greatest; I feel sorry for anyone who lives anywhere else."



about Plank, twenty-two, and Debrae Migh, twenty, both played soccer at Capital University in Ohio, met on a blind date last October. Now they're picking out wedding rings. In the Sixties, when marriage was just another campus sensation, this would not have happened. Now, however, Steve Debrae, a salesman for J. E. Robinson, projects in

Columbus, Ohio, where the same above who place, says, "Business is picking up quite a bit, mostly in lower-priced houses but the volume is much greater than last year. As far as I can see, the price increases haven't hurt at all—just the opposite." Jewish all over the country agree with him; real estate is up everywhere, and if that's the case, marriage can't be very far behind.



## AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE SANDMAN

Suppose you are a college student. Suppose, against all odds, that you graduate at the top of your class, go to the pre-eminent school of your choice, strike out into the world and pull down a swell job with plenty of money and lots of opportunity for advancement. Then what? One night, when you least expect it, the most drastic will happen to you that happens to everybody else. B.C.K. Reed, a member of the Harvard class of 1940, described it as a letter to the Harvard Bulletin. "I was back at Harvard. It is even more I notice there is one course whose letters I have not attended and whose books I have not read. I don't even know where the damn class meets. A sense of panic

envelops me—revels only by awakening." During the next few months, more than sixty professors—most past Harvard alumni, others—note to us describe similar diseases. What does it all mean? Psychologists believe such dreams represent fear of failure or career overcommitment, or perhaps in some such particularly intense emotional reactions. For one's whose psychologists think *everybody* means. The such is, what you think is ordinary reality is nothing but an illusion, and in actual fact it's a vast time, and there is a course whose letters you have not attended and whose books you have not read, and if you don't wake up right now, you're lost! It's just you're going to find!

"stopout," what the Carnegie Commission calls the period of drifting that many high-school and college students go through these days before deciding what they really want to do.

However the mass of students still are played into the current climate, and a good part of its pervasiveness is due to a simple lack of information. The rest of its pervasiveness is due to the efforts of hard-wired admission officers.

"When enrollments began to fall off, many schools took a turn from business and increased their value-revering focus," explains Ted S. Cooper, executive director of the National Association of College Admissions Counselors. Getting the names of prospects is crucial. For a time, one Oregon school offered its students cash bonuses for new recruits. Other schools turned to the alumni—whom they traditionally meet when the letter try to back-pressure them into admitting qualified applicants. The favored approach, however, seems to be buying mailing lists.

Turning organizations like the College Entrance Examination Board now sell prospects' names at seven to ten cents a head. (Seven cents if your school subscribes to the C.E.E.B. service, ten cents if it does not.) Already the College Board's Student Search Service has peddled more than 1,000,000 names on labels, magnetic tape and punched cards to almost seven hundred schools. Thanks to questionable E.E.B. by the students at registration time, the C.E.E.B.'s computer can help admission officers pinpoint nearly any subgroup they decide to "select." The results compute forty variables—from ethnic origin and family income to last names to leisure patterns. If the recruiter decides he wants to go after Puerto Rican letter winners from \$10,000-plus-annual-income homes, who would prefer living in co-ed dorms, he can punch out the variables and the computer will do the rest.

Although none of this method of recruiting are high, admission directors like the University of Miami's George Giampetro are enthusiastic about its effectiveness: "Last year we spent twenty-five thousand dollars mailing solicitations to one hundred sixteen thousand students targeted for us by the board's computer. We got back thirteen hundred applications at twenty dollars apiece. That's twenty-five thousand dollars in application fees, and it more than covered the cost of recruiting all two hundred fifty students in this group who enrolled." Even private schools like M.I.T. use the computer service. "Most fall we're planning to use this new system to get in touch with minority kids in their junior year," M.I.T. admissions director Peter Richardson says. "We're hoping the advance notice will solve the push problem we've had getting them to apply on time. You know how the old system goes about white people's time and colored people's time."

In addition to "zip-code marketing," schools reach prospective customers with brochures, mobile recruiting vans, college fairs, print ads and radio spots. Some high schools now have live television programs that military recruiters call May and June. These seminars make not offers of deferred tuition, no-need scholarships, and, of course, guaranteed admission. Posters and T-shirts are given away by the thousands. At Drake University in Des Moines, prospects are given a three-foot-long board game called "A Slice of Life." It even has a metal signpost, and it works something like Monopoly: "You missed class because you were partying all night . . . go back three steps," says a typical square which a player might land on. The University

of California at Riverside sent out 12,000 airmail decks of playing cards carrying college facts on the back. A high-school senior drew one of the king of diamonds while playing cards with his friend. The flip side of the card tells him everything he needs to know about the math department, Webster College in St. Louis taught prospects with a second describing curriculum offerings. Playing in the background is a medley of excerpts from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the score of 1801, and Jesus Christ Superstar.

Obviously, this kind of recruiting pressure means reasonably qualified students no longer have to sweat out admission. With the exception of schools like Harvard, they can attend any university or college they can pay for. The University of Southern California, for example, filed its freshmen class last fall by accepting seventy-five percent of all applicants. Affluence and emphasis, however, are neither malice.

Professor Mark Green, who taught organic chemistry at the University of Michigan last year, laments that "the classes were jammed with premed kids only interested in getting A's. Instead of having faculty teaching chemistry you end up with one that exists to judge people's creditability to get into medical school." Throughout the premed course, Green says, the pressure of competition led to systematic cheating. Some premed students found the identity of unknown compounds without bothering to experiment. They simply bought information from chemistry-store suppliers who prepared the test compounds for the student lab. Steve Nissen, who worked as a Michigan chemistry teacher and later last year: "The premed kids are very careful. They told me they were willing to be, cheat, cheat, sabotage or do anything else it takes to get into medical school." The day after exams were handed back, Nissen recalls, an average of fifty people would line up at his office door, all clamoring for a few extra points. Many had made credit attempts in the days before exams and tried to blast their way to better grades. "It makes you wonder about the kinds of people who are going to become doctors," Nissen, who is now enrolled at the University of California's Irvine medical school himself, observes.

Fewed students simply won't take no for an answer. A Stanford survey shows many of those turned down for medical school hope to reapply. About 1700 rejected American applicants have enrolled at the University of Queensland medical school in Mexico, where tuition is \$4,000 a year, double the cost that severe restrictions make it difficult for most Canadian graduates to practice in this country. Within four years, if the current enrollment rate keeps up, the school will be graduating more American medical students than ever before in the United States.

Although Ph.D.'s in the physical and life sciences can find work in government and industry, eighty-five to ninety-five percent of those taking humanities doctorates have gone into college teaching, which is one of the hardest hit areas today. English departments find the problem particularly serious. Even the Berkeley English department, which ranks second only to Yale in having trouble placing its graduates. In 1975, twenty-four of the fifty-five graduates searching for college teaching jobs found them. In May, fifty-five of ninety-five graduates had been hired. And that is a better record than most departments can claim.

Peter Carlson is one of the Berkeley English graduates who has failed to find a job in the last two years. He had a three-point-eight. (Continued on page 187)

## FOUR YEARS OF STUFFING IT

by Carola Dibbell and Robert Christgau

*A guide to the hazyland of college America*



As the University of Iowa thus approaches the 100th anniversary of its founding, we all as the students were much cheered and inspired. Before



**W**hile at restaurants, restaurant managers, from owner to chef, at Yale Greenhouses, not only does Yale encourage a kinder, gentler, it also serves Chinese diners, complete with chopsticks. With all this diversity right at home, there's no much reason to leave the campus, and with all the trouble you can get into in New Haven, there's plenty of reason not to.



**E**nthusiast: nobody we know not better than Tiziana Pennaroy as all that wears full of eyes and sharp and small means a lot, so does not mean in the French Quarter

In New Orleans, even hamburgers *you* have to be stuffed with people who care about flood, after all, the campers, drive the road affect a fried *corona* have sandwich for \$1.75



**E**vident hints: Engage's assignments stemmed from U.C. and Berkeley with a smattering of adjectives like "upstart," "world," and "moment." Berkeley's course examples, on

disambiguation proceeds again. Of course, there are responses, like the question *where* food and the fine candidate, for the other extensions, see the numerous grade seven questions provided.



**Tulane University:**

The undergraduate community is small and affable despite (mainly marijuana) and because (beer) function of most interchangeably as party reinforcements, but we not so one who claimed that alcohol "doesn't interfere" or that "I tried it once but didn't get high." Marijuana is cheap (\$15 a bid) and easy to get. New Orleans' Drive (an acquired taste) and Budweiser are the biggest beers—or whatever's on sale. Some students still spend half a day driving across the Texas border for cases of Coors. There with cash to burn may bomb out in the Quarter on Bourbon's black run, and session from

**University of Iowa:**

Drinking goes on in the same joints: jacks at The Air Line, gamblers at Joe's, an older, laid-back crowd to hang out with and folk at The Mill, older freaky students to

University of California, Berkeley:

Less visible, like most student life here, is the cooperative movement, starting with the Berkeley Co-op founded in 1937. A consumer-elected board of directors weighs fine recipes and nutrition guides from management; real money benefits require share buying too as positive for most students, but the margination products (yams, 29 cents per pound) and agave ambience draw big crowds. Off-campus students without cars also

[illegible]

# MEN OF VASSAR

by Jane Guyon

*Coeeducation is the answer, now guess the question*

The dance floor is very crowded on Wednesday nights at Princeton Hall, a stand-up bar a block from Vassar College, but Jackie St. James doesn't miss a trick.

"Can you spot 'Doctor Doom'?" he asks delightedly. Doctor Doom (in a New York plastic surgeon, famous for his assembly-line nose jobs. Sure enough, there it is, a little delicate nose on the broad, bearded face of a Vassar man).

Jackie St. James, at Jackie Wilson of New Jersey, looks like Maria Schneider without brauns. (He's the one standing against the tree opposite.) When he started Vassar four years ago as part of the college's first freshmen co-ed class, he was only fifteen. He wanted to be president of his class, and was, for three years. He wanted to be yearbook editor too, and when he got that job, he decided he wanted a modern "women's" section in the yearbook, which some members of the committee thought was too... When the yearbook came out, it included twelve pages that asked the question "Is Glee Club Dead?" and featured photos of some of Jackie's Vassar girl friends, fanned and spread, much of their attire borrowed from Jackie's former wardrobe. Some of the men at Vassar resented the "co-opting" of their image by things like this, but as Jackie points out: "The yearbook was very popular."

Right now, Jackie wants to dance. The only question is, who will ask him first? Girls and boys are sort of lining up unobtrusively. Finally a girl named Ellen, part of Jackie's flock, just starts jiggling away to a song she knows he likes. He

cuts off his critique of a group of "Rocking' Radicals," makes straight-aways who are going with his crowd for attention, and explodes into a Vassar version of "The Robot." His arms and legs drive like oil rips for thirty seconds, then stop abruptly, frozen in absurd positions. Among his other accomplishments, Jackie is the best dancer on campus.

At just the right moment, after midnight, he leads a delegation around the corner to Puma Tavern, the main student hangout. There is no dancing at Puma Tavern, but the place isn't as dark as St. James and Jackie can be seen better. He cuts through himself in one of the brown leather leotards and prepares to make new advances and rebuke old ones. "Oh, I like your new look," he says to one passerby. "You're positively bewitching." Puma Tavern is packed with groups congregated in different corners, making a point of their association. "See," Jackie says, "over there are the glorious Fabians, and there are some more Brooklyn Buddies, the Communists, the sexuals (with a twist), and, of course, the better old Barnumville [gays]."

Business has declined at Puma Tavern since Vassar officially went co-ed in the Fall of 1979. When the men came, a sign over the door that said "No Male Staps" went—along with surfers, restrictions on liquor in the dorms, and buses to other colleges for weekend classes. The administration had been seriously worried about the "weekendless" tradition that started at Vassar around 1966. At that point, the women of Vassar, seeing other schools as harmful and perverting themselves as Valley girls, were in a

corner, began deserting the campus every Friday and not returning until Monday morning. Vassar was the only Seven Sisters college without a men's school close-by, so the mode was pretty complete, and that wasn't good for the cultural life of the campus. Even more serious, Yale, Williams, Wellesley, Princeton and Trinity were announcing their intentions of going co-ed, and since it was increasingly clear that undergraduate women wanted undergraduate men, it was feared that the brightest applicants would be drawn off unless Vassar did something. A plan was hatched to have Vassar merge with Yale, but the faculty and alumni balked. Vassar had its own proud heritage, not to mention its own property. The only sensible thing to do was to resist.

Early founded men have entered since the college went co-ed, increasing the overall enrollment by a third, but initially there was no parallel increase in faculty or facilities. "Early by 1970" became the official line. "Vassar was always no simple answer" became the unofficial line. Now students sit in Puma Tavern and drink endless rounds of "Dirty Martinis" on Saturdays and Sundays.

The "Vassar Male" has not had time to develop completely, but the preliminary model seems to be skirting with a shallow complexion. It is surprising to see one running alongside the bicycles of the tall, blond, big-breasted women students. It's as though Vassar and Bronx Science High had agreed a pact.

There has traditionally been a higher proportion of men than women on academic probation, but in 1976 (Continued on page 179)



Photographed by Anthony Edwards

# COLLEGE: DUMBEST INVESTMENT OF ALL

by Caroline Bird and Stephen G. Neeb

*If you don't believe it, ask the computer*

**T**his is the story of a mythical boy we'll call Joe, whose grades were so good that his high-school guidance counselor got him to apply to Princeton as well as his hometown state school.

Both colleges accepted Joe, but he didn't know what he wanted to do. Sometimes he thought it might not be too bad to hang around working at the garage for a while, sorting out his mind.

"Princeton's expensive," said Joe. "It says here that tuition, room, board, and personal expenses cost \$5,739. That allows \$550 for personal expenses, including books and travel to get there, but I bet everyone spends more. I'm full of rich boys. You know we don't have that kind of money."

"Maybe not for Princeton," said his mother. "But you could work if you want to. State. You could work at the garage part-time and live at home."

Joe didn't mind the garage, but he didn't much like the idea of living at home. It all sounded like just so much more high school. Princeton offered him a lot of freedom and, not mostly loans and campus jobs he wasn't sure he'd like. Was a Princeton education worth the hassle?

"See, you've a deal not to go to college," Joe's father said. "It says right here that you will have earned \$10,900 more by the time you're sixty-four if you go to college instead of getting a job out of high school and working all your life the way I've done. And if you don't go now, while you have the chance, you'll never go."

Joe nodded, but he wasn't convinced, and his parents didn't push the subject. "After all, it's his life," they told each other.

The morning of his high-school graduation, a telephone arrived for Joe. It read:

YOUR GRADUATION PRESENT IS TOTAL COST OF ANY COLLEGE YOU CHOOSE FOR FOUR YEARS TO AFFORD ANY WAY YOU PLEASE STOP CONFUSED CHECK FOLLOW-UP ADVISE OF REFINANCING CAPITAL RISK CONGRATULATIONS. UNCLE SAMUEL.

"I don't give a damn what you do with the money, young man," Uncle Sam cackled when they phoned him. "All I want is a letter explaining why you are doing it."

The first job was to tell Uncle Samuel how hard he was in for—before he closed his mind. This proved less of a problem than they had feared. Princeton staff publishes a suggested budget—with budget tuition costs about every year. Joe and his parents agreed that tuition, room and board, and personal expenses for Joe's four years would come to \$22,256.

It sounded like a lot of money. "I've never had

\$22,256 in one place at any time in my whole life," Joe's father said.

"It seems it's too much to know," Joe said, restlessly. He was thinking about Europe for the summer.

Joe's mother was thinking about the same thing. "If your father and I had ever had \$22,256 at your age," she said rather calmly, "we would have put it right in the summer bank so we'd have enough at there by now to send you to Princeton and go to Europe ourselves."

Joe's father was good at arithmetic. He had just bought a little pocket calculator and was fiddling for a chance to use it. "Tin forty-eight now. If I had been able to put \$22,256 by at today's interest rate of seven and a half percent it was Joe's age, we'd have \$217,993 in the bank right now instead of a bunch of bills." He whistled a little longer. "And at sixty-four, I'd have \$753,371 in the bank!"

"More than twice as much as you said a college graduate stands to gain over his lifetime in extra earnings!" Joe's mother exclaimed.

Joe's father shook his head. "No. It's not a fair comparison. The return on \$22,256 in the savings bank is interest, and you are leaving it in the bank to compound. The return on \$22,256 invested in a college education is extra income, and you're letting the college educate itself at up every year."

Joe's mother was getting a little confused. "All right, but then which way is better? Should Joe have the money as college, or should he put it in the bank?"

Uncle Samuel's nephew had been doing a little figuring of his own. "If I go to Princeton, I have to live on the budget. Princeton says you can get by on, because that's what Uncle Samuel will give me. If I go to work in the garage, I'll be making good money. I will be able to live better than a college student."

"So what?" asked his mother.

"Uncle Samuel said he'd put up the total cost of college," Joe continued. "I say that the total cost includes the money I would have earned if I had continued working at the garage all through the four years instead of during the summers only."

"Well I hope you don't over any a thing like that to your Uncle Samuel!" Joe's mother exploded. "Talk about overpriced! And you aren't even logical. You said the woman who tried to convince her husband she was putting money in the bank every time she didn't lay a hat!"

Joe and his father took the argument straight to the Princeton economics department. The economics department had heard about Uncle Samuel's offer and they sided with Joe. There was (Continued on page 129)



Even before American Gramercy was a used Eisenhower-period malibu, undergraduates were leading in dormitories and apartments in listen to the doo-wop melodies of the Fifties. Antique rock records have become collector's items in a rising market, so we asked rock critic Nick Tosches to compile

a list of the most valuable of these cultural artifacts, along with prices for 45-r.p.m. copies in good condition. For those collectors bored stiff by Alice Cooper and The Doors (and who, after all this time, cannot be?), the charms of The Vibrations now provide sweet musical relief once again.

- \$5,000+**  
Sleeping Widows—The Five Sharps (Deluxe)  
O's original copies of this recording are known to exist, and its listing is based on the fact that many more were pressed than can be accounted for if you actually possess a copy of this gem, be aware that this price given here is a maximum bid. Since the record is one of a kind, there is no way accurately to estimate the amount a true believer would pay.)
- \$700+**  
Can't Make Loving That Girl of Mine—The White A Wings (Chess)
- \$300+**  
I Really Don't Want To Know—The Firenzes (Parade)  
Tall the World—The Debs (New York, red plastic)
- \$200+**  
Lullabye of the Birds—The Five Grooves (10th Years)  
Sinner (Fall for You)—The Lowmotes (Blues)  
I Couldn't Sleep a Week Last Night—The Melomeds (Red Bubble 28 r.p.m. only)  
Here You're Fine Away—The Sandbars (Ving)  
When I Look of You—The Encores (Checker)  
White Gifts of Dover—The Playboys (Checker)  
Olympic to the 5th—The Larks (Rental)  
Said Last Week—The Vicars (Ving)  
Why Don't You Believe Me—The Five Grooves (Parade)  
Out Face—The Vibrations (After Hours, red plastic)
- \$150+**  
I Can't Have You—The Firenzes (Chance; red plastic)

- Stop Tearing Me—The Vibe (Parade)  
Love Is a Vibe—The White Wings (De-Ro-It)  
Five in My Heart—Giddy Hall and The Kings (Hawkeye, red plastic)  
The World is Waiting—The Larks (Utopia)  
She's Just My Star—The Glimmering Cube (My Brother's)  
Whisper for You—The Brothers (King)  
Red Soul in the Street—The Five Keys (Abaco)  
Heartbreak—The Heartbreakers (R G A)  
I Don't Believe in Tomorrow—The Larks (Abaco)
- \$100+**  
That's All Right—Elvis Presley (Sun)  
Baby Let's Play House—Elvis Presley (Sun)  
Maybe You'll Be There—Lee Andrews & The Hearts (Rainbow)  
Movie Magic—Carl Perkins (RCA)  
Seven Lonely Days—The Groves (Rental)  
Baby It's You—The Spinners (New York)  
Hundred Lights—The Downers (Federal)  
Get Away Baby—The Bees (Imperial)  
213 Frisk—The Moonbeams (Phonix)  
White Gifts of Dover—The Five Wilsons (Ward)
- \$50+**  
Every Hour—Little Richard (R C A)  
Please Have Mercy on Me—Little Richard (R C A)  
Mystery Train—Elvis Presley (Sun)  
Sure To Fall—Carl Perkins (Sun)  
Wheel of Fortune—The Cardinals (Atlantic)  
Since I Fall for You—The Sparrows (Phonix)  
Only You—The Forties (Federal)  
I Love You the Most—The Fox Champs (Abaco)  
Long Tall Sally—The Kings (Chance)

For information on buying and selling these records, see page 126.

Illustrated by Robert Cassey

# When Smaller Cars Are Built,

by Tony Hogg

*A report from the incredible shrinking Motor City*

Until about a year ago, the most forward smaller cars was part trend and part fad, but the part that was fad isn't any longer and the trend is here to stay. The cause of the trend is obvious, and it won't go away if ignored. The trend has resulted in a revolution in Detroit, the *Motor City* of which has not been seen since the beginning of World War II when Detroit switched over to war production.

Typical of what has been going on in Ford's Wayne, Michigan, plant. In 1975, the plant was assembling full-size cars, but a decision was made last fall to switch it over to the production of compact Mavericks and Corsairs. The hourly workers were furloughed, and the job was started. Proceeding twenty-four hours a day, including Christmas and New Year's, the whole operation took fifty-one days and cost \$25,000,000, and the plant now has a capacity of nine hundred compact cars per day. This move was typical of the radical changes being made in the industry, and it was based on the assumption that the old days of cheap and readily available gasoline are gone forever, and that we have now entered an entirely new era. The feeling in the industry is that the change was inevitable sooner or later, and the fact that it happened suddenly means that, although the labor pains are severe at the moment, the delivery will be swift and easy instead of just dragging on and on with multimillion-dollar decisions hanging in the air.

The point is that indecision on the part of the buyer is what Detroit desires most, because it means that sales suddenly fall off drastically and all the manufacturers can do is sit back and watch his cash-flow situation go to hell in a hand basket. However, once the consumer decides that he wants small cars and starts demanding them, the manufacturers take that drastic measure to supply them, which is exactly what is going on at the present.

All these changes raise the age-old question of whether Detroit controls the consumer or the consumer controls Detroit. I think it is safe to say that fifteen or twenty years ago Detroit dictated to the consumer pretty much what he was going to buy. However, various factors have since come into play—set the least of which is the emergence of Volkswagen and the imports, which were so diametrically opposed to what Detroit was flouting off as the public that many people bought them simply because they were different. Knowledge and awareness on the part of the public is another factor, and considerable credit for this awareness can be given to the influence of the serious automotive publications such as *Road and Track*, *Car and Driver* and *Motor Trend*, which for years have been

hammering away at sloppy suspensions and steering, lack of disk brakes and radial tires, and the stress on styling rather than on functional engineering, among many other matters.

Of course Detroit has always tried to influence the consumer and will continue to do so, which in very real and proper in a democratic society, providing the public is not misled. At present Detroit is trying to influence the public to buy smaller cars, but smaller cars that are loaded up with all the features of the larger cars. In this way profits, and therefore profits, can be kept at previous levels. So if you want six-way power seats in your compact, you can have them, and good luck.

To what extent the increased knowledge and awareness of the buying public has influenced Detroit is another matter. For instance, when the original Mustang was introduced in 1964, it popularized the long-hood, short-deck layout—a design which results from being able to include in the pure luxury of styling fads without worrying about seating four passengers comfortably. The new Mustang II carries on the same design, but as its predecessor sold three million copies, there is no reason to suppose that the new one won't do equally well.

Before reviewing the current situation, it is necessary to summarize the various sizes of cars being manufactured. At the top of the list are the full-size cars such as Chevrolet's Impala and Ford's Galaxia; then there are the intermediate like Chevrolet's Corvair and Ford's Torino. Both of these and intermediate cars have become blurred beyond belief over the years, so they are the most vulnerable cars as a point of comparison. The full-size cars, the most capital expenditures that Detroit has been making during 1974 have been aimed at reducing the manufacturing capacity for these two sizes of cars and expanding the capacity for the three smaller sizes.

The three smaller sizes are the compact like Chevrolet's Nova and Ford's Maverick, the subcompact such as Chevrolet's Vega and Ford's Pinto, and the minivan, which, with the exception of Honda's Civic, have not really arrived as these shores yet in any quantity, but are just inevitable as the near future.

The concept of the minivan is an interesting one. It all started when English engineer Alec Issigonis, who was born in Smyrna of Greek and Russian parentage, was given a clean sheet of paper in 1956 on how to design a small car for the British Motor Corporation (now known as British Leyland Motors). Throwing all accepted practice to the winds, Issigonis came up with

# Detroit Will Build Them

a car that was totally different in conception from anything that had gone before.

The basic requirement was for a car that would seat four adults and be as small and as light as possible. The practice at the time among such small-car manufacturers as Fiat, Renault and Volkswagen was to combine the engine and transmission in one unit and locate it in the rear, driving the rear wheels. However, Issigonis chose to locate his engine/transmission in front, driving the front wheels. This had been done before, notably by Citroën in the 1930's, and there are several trucks in it, mainly because of the necessity for maintaining constant velocity between the engine and the wheels regardless of the steering position.

What had not been done before was mounting the engine transversely instead of longitudinally, and mounting was the cross of the layout. The theory behind it was that the car had to be the width of two wheels, which was greater than the length of the engine. Therefore, by mounting the engine across the car, the engine compartment could be very short, and completely filled by the engine with no wasted space. The resulting car had an overall length of only 129 inches, but fully eighty percent of the interior was passenger and baggage space and a mere twenty percent was occupied by the engine, which was an unbelievable ratio for the time. Issigonis then mounted the whole thing on little doughnut-like ten-inch-diameter tires that the wheel wells would intrude as little as possible into the interior. The resulting car was called the Mini.

Fiat first introduced the 125, which uses the same basic layout, and Fiat's advertising program for the car points out that the 125 is six inches shorter than Volkswagen's Super Beetle, but gives you more interior than the "honeycomb more expensive" Cadillac Eldorado, which is five and a half feet longer. Strongly enough, the Eldorado also has front-wheel drive.

To date, some 3,000,000 British Minis have been built, but they have suffered from the curse of the British industry—poor quality control—and they couldn't back it under the more rugged U.S. conditions when introduced here. However, the Mini concept has revolutionized small-car design, and the transverse-engine, front-drive layout has now been adopted by the likes of Fiat, Renault, Peugeot and even Volkswagen in its radically new Scenero and forthcoming Golf. Significantly, at the time the energy crisis struck, British Leyland Motors happened to have its Spanish Mini plant up for grabs and General Motors, which was caught with its pants wag, may move for small-

car manufacturing capacity, bought the whole place, lock, stock and barrel, for \$61,500,000.

Spain is becoming increasingly attractive as a location for manufacturing facilities, and there are strong reasons that Ford is going to build a plant in the Valencia area that will ultimately represent an investment of \$400,000,000 and will produce a new minicar among other things. As a vice-president of one of the big four pointed out to me the other day (dealing his hand), "there are certain advantages behind business in a dictatorship."

In making his decisions, Detroit is assuming that when all the bureaucrats in Washington have done their worst (as usual) in trying to control the supply and price of gasoline, the laws of supply and demand will take over again and the price of gasoline at the pump will stabilize at not less than about sixty cents (which also happens to be *The Wall Street Journal's* prediction, and what it really means is that three bucks gets you five gallons). The significance of this is that said now the United States has been about the only country in the world where the average person could buy a car without having to take into account its gasoline consumption, because gasoline has been so cheap. At sixty cents or more, the whole situation is changed, and the U.S. starts to fall in line with the rest of the world.

Whether price gasoline stabilizes at, the trend toward smaller cars will continue for several reasons. The main reason is that the trend was there long before the energy crisis. The energy crisis has merely accelerated the trend. Once the average person has owned a small car, he seldom reverts to a big one in a recent speech, Ford President Lee Iacocca said: "What does this cost? At Ford, it's about six years, we've spent one-point-eight billion dollars on so small cars. Some people suggest this is not enough and that we should have been even further out in front. But you show me someone who tries to lead a market too far and I'll show you a candidate for bankruptcy." No one, not even Ford, spends \$1,500,000,000 converting to small cars unless top management is pretty well convinced that the American public, having decided it wants small cars, has made its mind up once and for all.

Another reason the trend will continue is that inflation in its pernicious way, is gradually transferring the country's wealth from those people who can't protect themselves from inflation to those who can, and the number who can't protect themselves far exceeds the number who can. Most people will be able to afford only a smaller car. (Continued on page 161.)



## How a Crazy Dog Can Be His Own Best Friend

by Robert Ullian

*The latest poop on pet psychiatry*

At the age of thirty, my brother developed an allergy to animals, and Lucy, who had lived with him for five years, had a housing problem. A thirty-five-pound black boxer dog who put in a twenty-one-hour day of constant slumber, and only became demoted around food and rubber balls, Lucy was responsible, good-hearted, and something of a spokeswoman for the long-dog population of San Francisco, having once appeared on a local TV station for air time to reject a transportation ruling that only pets who could fit comfortably in a lap or headbox would be permitted to ride municipal trains and buses. ("Well a week can fit into a headbox, these thousand of them will," argued Lucy's statement, which was to be read while she sat cross-legged and glowered at the camera. "...I mean, you don't need an intelligence test to ride a bus. You just need to know where to stand or sit, and who not to eat.")

Although banished from even an open-air cable car, Lucy, my brother or informed me long-distance, would soon be seeing new health, suddenly aboard a jumbo jet from San Francisco to New York a week from Thursday, and would I meet Lucy and put her up while he underwent a five-month series of allergy shots? I was overjoyed. Lucy had been part mine in my childhood, but in recent years I had not been able to arrange my schedule to provide for a feline pal. Five months would be ideal. "She stores a little and seems in her sleep," my brother added, "but she'll be great company for you."

Lucy demolished three hamlets on flight, which is by no means a record. When she finally arrived in New York after eleven long hours,

her eyes looked like a bloodhound's (she seemed unable to walk in any one direction, but her nose was still intact and she sniffed out some turkey sandwiches I had with me and ate them, threw paper bag and all). The portable loudspeakers of Lucy's suitcase, a plaid blanket, dog dish, three paw-size yellow rain boots, a ball and a leg of lamb bone wrapped in alternating layers of aluminum foil and Saran, were contained in a chaircase overnight bag which accompanied her. Letting the house with these relics, we had every reason to suspect that Lucy would soon settle into her normal routine, but this was not the case. She ate shamelessly, leaving large parts of her dinner scattered on the floor. Apparently, to Lucy's mind, the laws of housebreaking did not apply beyond the state of California. She took grudging, appreciative walks through the neighborhood, and at the worst possible moments jumped on fire hydrants and maple trees and proceeded to engage in a series of erotic movements, much to the interest of passing schoolchildren.

"There may be a temporary hormone imbalance caused by the hypertension and nervous exhilaration of the trip," my local vet informed me to shut Lucy full of tranquility. "Nothing to worry about." Nevertheless, Lucy continued to decline. My brother telephoned Lucy's regular veterinarian, who suggested Mrs. Patricia Klein Lydenker, a Southern California parakee who specializes in communicating with animals. "She's done some wonderful work," the veterinarian told my brother. "That's the case of a dog who kept shaking his head after being massaged by his mistress. Mrs. Lydenker talked with the dog who told her he had a

pain in his left ear. The vet checked it again. Sure enough, there was an infection in it."

"Can she communicate with a depressed animal in the suburbs of New York?" my brother inquired.

"I'm not sure. She once picked up vague vibrations from a water animal near Lake Tahoe."

Leaving Mrs. Lydenker and another flight for Lucy as a last resort, I decided to look into the local options. Vaguely, I remembered a "Psychiatrist for Dogs" sign in the window of a bookstore somewhere in Greenwich Village. I knew it was impossible for a dog to analyze its life history in forty-five minute sprints once a week; nevertheless, as I watched my veterinarian demonstrate for the third time how to drop selective episodes down Lucy's throat, I found myself inquiring whether we might not look into a new, sympathetic head specialist.

My veterinarian blushed. "Fresh," he blammered, "don't have that Lucy in mind for the busy bus." ("You are, however," seemed implicit in his response.)

Inquiries with a dozen major animal hospitals in greater New York proved equally fruitless. Veterinarians either claimed to be unaware of anyone who specialized in emotional problems of dogs, or referred to such practitioners as "doggie coaches" and refused to forward patients to them. The Yellow Pages do not specifically list psychiatrists for humans, to say nothing of psychiatrists for dogs. However, one dog-training school advertised itself as the home of the psychological approach to obedience, and, upon telephoning, an authoritative-sounding voice told me that a dog psychiatrist would visit Lucy in her home and administer tests to ascertain whether the creature was re-



# Jamil Baroody Speaketh a Mouthful

by William F. Buckley Jr.

*Arduous encounters with the most conspicuous man at the United Nations*



**Baroody's note:** Last fall, *Mr. Buckley* was named a U.S. delegate to the twenty-ninth General Assembly of the United Nations. He served as this country's representative on the U.N.'s Committee on Human Rights—which is U.S. business on the Third Committee—and attended as well a number of Plenary meetings of the General Assembly. What follows is a record, in the form of a journal, of Mr. Buckley's repeated encounters with the distinguished representative of Israeli Arabism during a term in office that coincided with Henry Kissinger's debut as Secretary of State.

## MONDAY

I occupied the United States desk for the first time when the Third Committee's session had already got under way. The chairman had proposed that all seven-teen states referred to the Third Committee by the General Assembly should arrange equally the situation of the Committee, and the Egyptian representative now suggested that they be taken up exactly in the same order in which they fell in the General Assembly's agenda. But everyone knows that things take up far consideration early in the session are given more time than those left for the end; indeed, it is a well-known parliamentary maneuver to push off toward the end those one wants least to discuss.

Inasmuch as the chairman had made it clear, and the sense of the entire proceeding made it equally clear, that the question now to be debated was the order in which the proposals were to be discussed, not their relative merits, I found myself getting restless at the quite extraordinary lengths to which a trained delegate sitting thirty yards across from me in the circular committee room was going on and on in postponing his opposition to giving any attention at all to Item 97, which called for the creation of the post of United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights. It happened that the United States position was in favor of a High Commissioner, which was one reason for resenting the speaker's attack upon it before the subject was open on far substantive debate; another reason, it seemed to me, was that to oblige an aggressor of parliamentary procedure should be exposed very early in the adventures of the Third Committee, before people got into bad habits. I leaned back in my chair, Wygwas, across staff side serving this committee, and asked him whether he agreed that the speaker was behaving intemperately, and he said yes indeed he was behaving intemperately, though as I thought back on it later, Wygwas seemed less urgent than I that people should behave intemperately at United Nations Committee meetings. Well, I whapped, why don't I interrupt and ask the chairman to direct him to confine his remarks to the chronological question? Well, he said, sure, why not? Well—I continued in a whisper, what are the mechanics of an interruption? He told me that I should tap my pencil on the writer glass in front of me; so I did. The chairman was visibly startled. A point of order, Mr. Chairman—and I made it, and proposed to me twice the indecorous word in the United Nations—"disregarded." By the time I was through, three months later, I found myself referring of a dinner party attended by the United Nations, to my disgruntled coxswain's speech. The object of my pretty little dinner turned toward me the puzzled expression of Oliver Twist, a look of confusion, glibly translating to indignation, and then to disdain, followed by a most courteous reply, the point being that it is not possible to discuss chronological priority without discussing substantive priority; all of it and with

reflex, laced with paternalism, and with abundant references to the length of the experience of the speaker. I had, quite by chance, in my first encounter in the U.N., run into His Excellency Jamil Baroody, the Permanent Representative of South Arabia.

Baroody is the most conspicuous figure in the United Nations, and it pays to ask oneself why. Inasmuch as the United Nations progressively infers from and flows from it, it is probably safe to say that Baroody's name is utterly unknown outside the U.N., so indeed it was unknown to me at the time I accented him. In fact he has a following. It is a following he has picked up among those who follow interested United Nations debates, most of them in the Security Council, even grave issues of instant moment in which, three weeks later, the cease-fire in the Mideast would be discussed. Baroody is always there, speaking in front of the camera, and he gets a lot of fan mail, generated by his paternalistic treasury, his desire in all domestic arguments, his soliloquies in public hearings, and his personal announcement of his opinions. A speech by Baroody, over Channel 15, is quaint, theatrical, and, in a strange way, edifying. A hundred speeches by Baroody, however, is the no plus ultra in U.N.-manner. I would criticize that before me, Mr. Pennington, and I heard, in the hushed days of the General Assembly, a hundred speeches by Jamil Baroody. One day he spoke six times at four different committees, and twice at the Plenary. The popular image of the United Nations is the desert collection of civilization in the history of the world as wrong as much to Baroody as to the next one hundred senior delegates who have served there. It is in part because he has served three times the way at San Francisco, and in part because he talks too often more than the neutral competitor, in part because he never tires of repeating what he has said. Indeed, there is very little option for someone who speaks so much. If he had mastered the entire mass of human knowledge, he would still need, perhaps, to repeat himself after a week or two.

It is a not observed characteristic that nobody, but nobody, ever replies to Baroody. It is supposed, by him and a few cynophants, that this is because of his encyclopedic knowledge of the U.N. (there is no denying it), his facile use of historical analogy, his sarcasm and charmlessness. There is probably still another reason. Baroody is not afraid of anything. That of course is true of a few other delegates. But neither is he under any restraint. It is simply not conceivable that King Panel would reproach him on account of repeating, he said. This means that he is not yet easy, occasionally, with anyone—in addition to the usual glibness about Zionism and the crimes of World War One and the righteousness of the truth by the Associated Press—something that is true. And he will say it with the resolution of a man making out a check, or a man to sail toward the world shore. At long, unshortened, length. To tell the truth then advantageously would require the crystallizing advice of the U.N. Suppose that something got into Baroody causing him to take as much interest in, say, Schweitzer as in how he takes in the equivalence of the Palestinian Arabs. He would talk about Schweitzer before the Special Political Committee, the First Committee, the Second Committee, the Third Committee, the Fourth Committee, the Fifth Committee, the Sixth Committee, and the General Assembly, until the screen members of the entire hall would shudder with the pace of it. It would require someone like Baroody, nowhere to go up the diplomatic channel (he is not in line to succeed King Panel), a carte blanche from his employer, a private income,





## Raising Steel

by Mike Cherry

*Look! Up in the sky!  
It's the world's first interstate construction worker!*

**A** hole in the ground in New York City is the most expensive kind of hole there is. A hole in the ground in Manhattan is July—cut off from surface breezes and framed in heat-affecting concrete—is one of the hottest. The first time I was in one it hadn't rained in what seemed like weeks and every step raised clouds of dust. The breakers had been slugging in the machine all day when we began taking it over, and the ballast plates (five- to seven-ton foundation blocks) they started with so hot that we couldn't touch them without wearing gloves, which were in turn so soaked with sweat that they kept trying to slide off. Whenever there was a five-minute lull, I'd run over to the derrick cart on the corner for a Coke, which I'd drink in one gulp. My partner, a screwy-looking but hot-tempered New-Yorker named Tommy, kept shaking his head and telling me that I oughtn't to do this, but I was too dried out to listen. The first time I threw up nobody saw me, but the second time we were all sitting down on our backs. I recovered enough to stagger through the balance of the afternoon, but when I ordered a cold beer in an air con-

ditioned bar after work, I found that I was still too woozy to drink it.

Whenever it got near a hundred degrees, we knocked off, whether Crockett, our boss, tried to shame us into staying or not. Beyond ninety-six degrees an ironworker can't be required to work. The laborers stayed on, mucking about with their wheelbarrows, but they're crazy.

The first afternoon that we were actually setting steel, I passed out on a horizontal beam just as I was grabbing the wire cable to cut it loose. I dropped to the floor and recall thinking as the darkness descended that it didn't matter much if I lost my grip because it was only twelve feet down to the dirt. I did manage to hang on, but was for some minutes unable to get up. One soon the beer Tommy was trying to drink in McGee's came miraculously back out through his nose, he took the rest of the day off. Right now, our gigantic tie-line man, still dumber he lost thirty-five pounds before the first of August. Crockett stopped in front of us one day as we lay during a break sprawled on the ground like so many dogs in a Jewish street, put his hands on his hips,



The author, six feet in height, has been in construction for five years

Photographed by Neil Beltracchi



# The Immense Walk of the Late-Season Traveler

by Tom Cole

*Stopping to talk doesn't help any, either*

**A**penitentiary of the ridge above Dubrovnik if it takes the Mediterranean from the Italian side. On the sea side, sheltered from the wind, it is all a question of terraces, vineyards, lemon-colored walls, a white staircase, bell towers.

But a traveler climbing up that face of the ridge, whether to see the sunset or to enjoy himself or to soothe his nerves, will find a completely different world when he reaches the top. If he stops, turns around and faces the interior. Late one afternoon, a certain traveler did this—turned his back on the view as he remembered it to see, and found himself instead on a thin path through northern bushes broken but by the wind toward a horizon of grey ridges, one after another, each one closer than the last.

His shadow was cast ahead of him as he walked, and the bushes for a while glowed with late noon. By the time the first star came out he had almost reached the next ridge, reaching along the path only one man, who smoked a Turkish pipe and tried to be free away as they passed.

Our man climbed on, following the good path, until he saw dark mountains ahead and, answer, a village, jaggedly of light shining up a slope.

Dogs barked as he approached. Also, there were goats. Near the first low houses, a pair of dogs showed interest in the man, and barked, getting their mouths up toward the stars. They followed at his heels, snuffing and growling, driving him along, until a door of one of the cottages opened and an old man appeared, lamp-light behind his head making a fuzzy halo. The old man called, extremely, to the dogs, and then left a space after which the stranger could say something, if he chose. There was a civilized quality to the creation of this space: the stranger was free to trudge right through it, or free to try something more. Wood-smoke, or postmarks, drifted down.

"Nice night," the stranger said, calmly.

"What do you mean?" said the old man.

The stranger thought a moment, about what kind of sentence he could give. "No more," he said.

"That's so," said the old man. "No earthquakes, either?"

The man was redder, in the lamplight, his face hidden. The light came out somewhat onto the stranger's face, and the dogs sat back on their haunches, jerking, waiting for the man's next move.

"That's it," said the stranger. "No more. No earthquakes."

"Yes," said the old man.

"Earthquakes" is a rare word, though.

"It is?"

The dogs stayed on the alert, looking from one man to the other when words came out, in fits, perhaps, that something exciting was about to happen.

"Earthquakes" is an interesting word, the first time you hear it. The stranger had been waiting that sentence out in his mind. The dogs seemed to like it.

"I suppose," said the old man, "that I can't remember, to tell the truth. The meaning is not mine."

"The meaning is not mine," the stranger nodded, suddenly. "That's so." What he next tried to do, for the moment, was to repeat the old man's sentence, knowing that he was thereby saying something authentic, in Croatian, with the right order of words.

"The meaning is not mine, but the word is mine."

"You mean the words? The way the word sounds?"

"That's it!" said the stranger. "The sounds! The way the word sounds!"

"You're a foreigner?" said the old man.

"I'm a foreigner."

"Would you like to cross the threshold?" the old man said. "I can offer you a drop to drink, and we can repeat the sounds of various words."

"Thank you. 'Threshold' is a nice word."

"Indeed?" said the old man, looking him in "I expect so."

There was a heap of trays and dried bread in a corner, but the actual fire, warming toward centers, seemed to feed on large earth flakes of some kind. The interior walls were plastered thickly in some pink and white, and over stones in others. The old man took the stranger to sit at a rough table, and brought forth a bottle with two glasses. One of the dogs stretched out at the fire; the other took its comfort under the table, leaving its nose on the stranger's feet.

"Plum brandy," said the old man.

"Thank you, indeed."

They held their glasses up, in a toast, and drank. The brandy, close to the nose, smelled autumnal, as when various seasonal stables are being turned off the farmstead.

"So," said the old man, setting down his glass. "I enjoyed our conversation tonight. It was the most thing. And yet I'll be the first to admit it was becoming somewhat repetitive."

"Repetitive?"

(Continued on page 171)



And it came to pass,  
just as Nathanael West told us:  
Hollywood collapsed and  
fell into this \$88,000 hole on...



# ...The Day of The Day of the Locust

by Tom Barke

*Futility and failed dreams, with a cast of hundreds, directed by John Schlesinger*

THE WIND MACHINE IS IN THE SHED AND IT IS NOT A PERIOD-WIND MACHINE. The first assistant director raps that through his bullhorn down the resonant length of Stage 18, Paramount, Hollywood, and the other assistant directors, the special effects and machine men and the stunt coordinators converge upon John Schlesinger like flies on a crush. Whispered consultations are held.

"Hurry the f— thing back," is Schlesinger's directive. A thousand artists, actors and technicians wait in ferocious frames until this is done, until five giant Panavision cameras, lurching with the whirr of feeding insects, focus again on an old Mitchell camera crane with one strut like the Eiffel Tower, as it stages the shooting of "The Battle of Waterloo." The dramatic scene of Waterloo, the movie-within-the-movie of the novel *The Day of the Locust*. An asbestos stone farmhouse, set against an elaborate faded French-country landscape backdrop, burns once more into inconceivable flames, cannons fire bluffs, reveal homes rear, and men dressed as soldiers charge up Mont St. Jean, a steep wood-and-carved hill erected and dressed severally all week like a David mound. The hill topples spectacularly in a complex maze of splintered scaffolding. Schlesinger grins, wickedly triumphant, not just because his shot has gone so well. In *The Day of the Locust*, the novel, Nathaniel West meant the collapse of the Waterloo set as metaphor for the future collapse of Hollywood movies. He perceived, even in the Thirties, when he wrote his books, that no other man in all his time had imagined movies burning down, and no other culture had so needed explicit, perpetually replaceable illusions, that the illusions wouldn't work, that the industry that produced them would attract staggering multitudes of the perpetually vain and impressionable, the compulsively self-serving, who would finally destroy it. In Hollywood at that moment, no one is more aware of this, or more removed from it and excited by it than John Schlesinger.

Far in what the current filmologists hopefully infer as the New New Hollywood, Schlesinger has never been and is not now either new or now. In spite of *Darling* and *Midnight Cowboy*, both of which made a good profit, and *Sunday*, *Moody Sunday*, which didn't, but was rapidly accepted by movie people to be "quality product," meaning it was aesthetically discussed but largely misunderstood, in spite of Oscars and the delivery to audiences of John Christie, Jon Voight and Alan Bates (previously unknown and mostly unemployed), Schlesinger has missed, or avoided, becoming really fashionable and therefore readily bankable. People don't want to finance his movies. He is not invited to Red Air branches where film deals are conducted. He is not asked to Sam Mendes' parties. Rob Evans doesn't give little dinners for him. Joyce Haber doesn't know from him. Hal doesn't ask him up to the Playboy Mansion West. His name is much upon the palates

of the graduation and parking-lot entrepreneurs who back films; it is rhetorically misperceived, the "per" associated not like the "G" in Gene Kelly, as is correct, but like the "G" in Gulf and Western.

Partly, the problem is physical: Schlesinger is forty-eight, and though he sometimes wears the dark rimmed uniforms, shades and bowties do not quite hang right if you rather resemble Santa without the hair. Those directors for whom little dinners are given—Peter Bogdanovich, Billy Friedkin, Francis Coppola, Sydney Pollack, the *Parade* School of contemporary film making—are not only the current age, a sort of perpetual thirty-eight, and the correct men, also thirty-eight, but they make current movies, appropriate products to represent our nation at foreign film festivals. Their work is regarded, in Hollywood, as intelligent without being intellectual, and sexual while remaining heterosexual, whereas Schlesinger's themes are held to be dark, anti-American, too thoughtful, and rather too kindly British. "Of course nobody in Hollywood had seriously read *The Day of the Locust*," a film producer, not with Paramount, asserts. "You don't usually see the book on Beverly Hills coffee tables. All they knew was that it was supposed to be Schlesinger's great Hollywood put-down. Except one big studio p.r. man, I swear this is true, he said to me, very seriously, I hear Schlesinger wants to make that English novel about the Day of the Locust."

All of which really infuriates Jerry Jahn. The shooting of the collapse of Mont St. Jean is supposed to last four days; everyone knows it will last seven because Schlesinger is notoriously procrastinating and will not be hurried, not by anybody's hearse. This is the first Monday after the shooting of an early, brief battle sequence involving only a few extras, studio executives begin hammering moodily about the great hell's impasse, running cabs that will be trapped for the final collapse. The wait for the next take will be long, and Schlesinger passes, a martyr, in someone else's career chair, because Marge Champion's son, who plays a French drummer boy, is doing homework in his "Whether I am on a party guest or a B party guest is of supreme importance to me." He often wears velvet. His teeth are perfect, and agree and "I categorically refuse to attend those bloody Hollywood parties where movie deals are done, movies either get made or they don't get made. I put together my own packages. I don't want some hatbox saying, 'Listen, dear, be a good boy and read this script, it's written by a brilliant think of ours and of course he knows that dear so-and-so is dying to work with you.' What utter bullshit. Too cynical. Oh well, I'm not fashionable at home either. Critics everywhere shifle me, the studio boys knock at the sight of me. They read *Moody Sunday* and said, 'Uh, uh, uh, there two more down to lose? Could they just be smoothed on the phone?' Jahn! One simply stands one's ground, and if you think they are dense in this country, go to England, where there is no film industry new whatever without American backing.



Photographed by Steve Elton-Ross



poets say it's pessimistic, a dreamer, and I would shout, 'Do not tell me about reader reports, what do you think?' Of course they do not think. Then Crowley became a huge success and suddenly Warner Brothers called and asked what I'd like to do for them and I told them *Leviathan*. They actually optioned it and we commenced a series of those horrific movie-deal lunches. A Warner man would say, 'Uh, we see it as a twelve-week picture.' I'd say, 'How can you see it as anything, we don't have a f--- script yet!' Waldo Salt was an honest revisionist; we were still nowhere near sold, and at this Warner party in London the head of their literary department came up to me and said, 'I do hope that one day you'll find something you'd like to do for us.' As I was in the middle of doing something for them, I said that we were dealing with vandals and that I'd pull out. Instead I came back here, worked with Waldo on the third draft, delivered it, Warner announced they were thrilled. Then silence. In Hollywood, people would ring up and say, 'Terribly sorry to hear the news.' What news? 'That your movie's off.' Finally, they'd heard it from agents, all of whom throw off disaster. Well from that day to this I have never heard another word from Warner. We finally contacted a lawyer of theirs who said, 'Oh, they decided to drop it.' Bloody right, considering all those we're-thrilled-but-re-thrilled meetings. *Leviathan*, though, is the nature of the beast."

Script at Paramount, this year snowed. Schlesinger called Jerry Hellman who called Peter Bart, a Paramount executive, who then called Frank Yablans, the president. Yablans had read the book. From that moment, everyone was very encouraging and helpful, even Natalie Wood, who lent Schlesinger her house to use during the final negotiations. "Oh, I did have to attend a couple of those postcard dimensions at the Bel-Air Hotel, and at one point I flew to New York and asked out the entire end of the picture for Yablans in his office, but since then, we haven't heard a negative word from anyone. They've given us total freedom. . . ."

Lovely. But about the script. Why all the nerves, if, as has been intimated, the screenplay closely follows the novel? In it, young artist, some of the last scenes from Yale to Hollywood to take a dull job as a set designer at Motion Picture and a room at the San Remo Arms, a shabby haven for misfits, losers and down-casuals, while he completes his painting *The Burning of Los Angeles*, in which these pariahs set the city afire during a riot that resembles French caricatures of the Thirties. His San Remo neighbors include Harry Greener, a grotesque failed vaudeville, and Harry's daughter Faye, an exiles with aspirations to stardom, whose affectations are "so completely artificial that to be with her was like watching a bookkeeper during a vaudeville, a nervous play." Harry dies; Faye moves in with Homer Simpson, a retired bookkeeper whose dreams are suppressed even in his sleep, and who has come West for the good life. Faye sees him and loves him. But, he, he murders a dreadful child actor who's been terrorizing him; the crowd at a movie premiere sees this and tears him apart in front of Greener's Chinese Theatre. Tod, watching, sees in his mind his painting completed. "The burning city, a great bonfire of architectural styles." In the foreground, "the mob burning a scoundrel and torches like . . . the California to die; the culture of all sorts, as precise as well as arbitrary, the wire, airplane, federal and province watches—all those poor devils who can only be stirred by the promise of miracles and then only to violence . . . a great staid dream of scowls and seriousness to purify the land No longer honest,

they sang and danced joyously in the red light of the flames." Final.

Before the film of *The Great Gatsby* was launched on East Bay Day, Paramount flicks never lost of pointing out that Boris Strum and Nathaniel West had been great friends, had died on practically the same day, and had written the only two "acknowledged classics" about Hollywood, *The Lost Tapes* and *The Day of the Locust*, as if these associations lent credence and respectability to West, the blink sleep, and proved that if one bit of popular Henry Americans could be turned into a profitable film, so could another classic one. After *Gatsby's* release, this line of reasoning was sharply dropped and an alternative one sought without success. Suddenly, as one speaks of *Gatsby*, except delicately the West novel, it is *West*, *West*, *West* with "real" people, implying that Strum had failed the studio fifty years previous by writing characters who are too generous and sponsored. The West project, promises Jerry Hellman, will be "more than worthwhile and romantic."

Assuming it's got a workable script. Asked again about this, Schlesinger grimaces, remarks that he does not like discussing specifics of a screenplay before the finished film is available, and returns briskly to West St. Jean, having neatly tapped the ball into Waldo Salt's court. "Such a beautiful literary conceit, West's," Salt is saying, "Hollywood a Sargasso Sea where no dream is ever completely lost." He is a gentle bearded man with a mild aside laugh and a manner that suggests apology, even here on the set of his film "Pursued all the seven . . . as a cohesiveness process." That he has whispered, now. "It completely awakens you, you can put a book down, plays here intermissions, TV has commercials, but there is no escape from the screen once you sit down in the theatre. So there's no time in a screenplay for atmosphere, for intellectual foundation. The job here was to find specific visual ways to incorporate what West analyzed in prose—the consuming need of these people for beauty, romance, illusion. Faye Greener, for instance: she wants to be a star, put the world of that world destroy her, it would shake her fantasy of what a movie star is. In the film we see her consuming ice cream and candy like a greedy infant, like . . . a pig. She cannot face an adult reality, no one in the story can. In the cocktail scene, the dwarf takes her flying bird in his arms and puts the head into his mouth, to give the bird breath, life—my God, the scene that expresses visually, the need for identification, self-mortification." Uh, this is very difficult to verbalize. . . .

Allowing a journalist to read the shooting script of a film is, in these reserved, his trunking a minute proof with a piece of the true story. Sometimes, though, these precious documents are carelessly left about on a set. One finds the *Locust* scenario eventually, near an actor's empty swivel chair, and retires with it behind a wind machine. Salt is right, a screenplay cannot be captured, yet somehow he has managed in his to open up the action, affixing it not onto the scowled, shabby Hollywood streets. The self-characterizing flamant of his characters—they are now somehow more Salt's than West's—are so fierce and complete that they create, on the page, a continuing tension of these own.

But then the script is crumbly retrieved by its owner and the wind machine is wheeled away, to blow excess smoke again up the mountain behind the start line. A half dozen of these and the a d fall through the lower part of the ball successfully this time, and without injury the first and least spectacular of the collapse shots is thus completed, and. (Continued on page 117.)



## FALL/WINTER 1974 The Country Collection

This landed-gentry look keynotes Esquire's twenty-four-page portfolio of 1974 fall and winter fashions. The design focus is on clothes with a country feeling, highlighted by a much more relaxed and sporty styling, gusset fabrics and warm, woody colors.

Esquire's tweedy-looking plaid shirt suit with buttoned flapped pockets is actually of spun polyester (\$55). The yellow wool crew-neck sweater (\$25) is by Pringle of Scotland, the shirt by Gant and the cap by Kangol. All challis scarves are from Polo.

## SPORTSWEAR DEBUT

The popular shirt suit and safari jacket appear for the first time in heavier weight, fall fabrics. The outfits on these two pages are all by Nino Corradi for Glen Eagle and available at Bloomingdale's, New York. This mini-check shirt suit (\$105) is all wool, the turtle-neck (\$35) is wool and angora.



Heather tones are strong for fall, as seen in this boiled, wool safari jacket that is unlined and unconstructed for easy wearing. It comes with coordinated Western-style corduroy trousers (both for \$125). In the inset, Corradi's green Donegal-tweed coat with neck shawl is reversible to poplin (\$165). The traditional crew-neck sweater is in Haneshr.





## THE BIG COAT

The emphasis is on outerwear in an extra-full-cut coats. Esquire particularly likes the country-squire look of these two, shown on the grounds of Oak Alley Plantation, New Orleans. Both are single-breasted and raglan-sleeved. On profile, Dimitri's seems more and again-looked plain, but is of imported Irish tweed (\$395). The back is styled with a long, inverted pleat that extends all the way to shoulder height. The trousers and the Scotland-wool sweater are also by Dimitri. On this page, the grey wool-flannel sweater coat, lined and faced in camel wool, is by Bill Bliss for Saks Fifth (\$490). The camel wool trousers are by Bill Bliss for Saks. The camel-hair-and-wool button-down (\$55) by Alan Paine.

## THE HUNT TOUCH

You don't have to be in the horse-  
set to look great in the season's  
hunt-inspired sport and casual  
wear. In sweaters, the predom-  
inant style for fall and winter is the  
bulky, tweedy-looking belted car-  
digan with a shawl collar. At top  
left, Jaeger's version in tones of  
beige, brown, grey and white is all  
wool (\$100). The rust, brown and  
cream acrylic sweater at bottom  
left is by McGregor (\$25). Both  
of the turtle-necks worn under the  
cardigans are by Raffles-Wear  
(\$25). To the right, more country  
casual: a three-button, patch-  
pocket, Harris Tweed, Norfolk-  
style jacket by St. Louis Ltd.  
(\$150) and a Shetland-wool  
crewneck sweater from Jaeger  
(\$22.50). Corduroy is a favorite  
fabric for casual trousers this fall.  
These three are all made by Coun-  
try Britches. All riding boots and  
hunt accessories in this section  
are from M. J. Knopf, New York.



## HARRIS TWEEDS

The Outer Hebrides' gift to mankind makes a notable resurgence in sport jackets. On this page, Bill Blase for PBM styles Harris Tweed in a blanket-plaid jacket of aqua, royal blue and coffee on a cream ground and tops it off with blazer buttons (\$150). On the facing page, Ralph Lauren for Polo works Harris Tweed into a green sport jacket (\$170) with flapped pockets, a center vent with button closure and leather buttons (very big this season). Both crew-neck sweaters are of Shetland wool by Alan Paine (\$22.50). While Equine shows the outfit with casual corduroys, for a dressier look switch to solid coordinating trousers and a tie.



## COUNTRY CHECKS

For the pastoral pause that refreshes, a houndstooth-check pattern conveys the proper country air. These two suits exemplify the importance of natural earth colors. Note, too, the rusted look. At left is a two-piece houndstooth-check polyester-and-wool suit

with flapped pockets by Johnny Carson Apparel (\$339). The sweater vest is by Furitan. At right, Pierre Cardin turns out a three-piece polyester-and-wool houndstooth suit with plicated and cuffed trousers (\$145). The shirts are by Escallo and the ties by Rosillo. The rust wing-tip suede shoes are from Intercorres.





## EASY SUITS

These two outfits epitomize the easy, relaxed, go-anywhere styling of the fall sport suits. Here, Bill Kaiserman for Refect offers a wool herringbone suit with big bag pockets and shirt-style cuffs (\$275). The shirt is by Rosalie, and the sleeveless sweater is by Enro. Over all is Malcolm Kenneth's handsome brick red, wool-tweed double-breasted trench coat (\$250). On the facing page is an Yves Saint Laurent ensemble. The rust and brown wool-tweed suit has patch pockets and back pleats with an attached belt (\$175). Wear it with Saint Laurent's color-coordinated shirt and sweater, a soft cashmere V-neck.



## TOWN TAILORING

Even city suits carry through the country-gentleman feeling. This wool-blend herringbone suit with patch pockets and leather buttons is by Cricketeer (\$315). Under it is a smart V-neck sweater from Miras. The wool-tweed Ulster coat is from Rubie Brothers International (\$238). The corduroy and knit ties are both from Rooster, the gloves are by Gales.



Country cousins look dressy enough for any occasion in this Larry Allen for Raffles Wear mismatched wool-blend three-piece suit with the ubiquitous leather buttons, patch pockets and plicated anorak trousers (\$175). Shirting by Individualized Shirts. The outstanding hand-stitched camel flannel double-breasted Ulster coat is by Saint Germain (\$325).



#### DINNER DELUXE

Proving you can take the country out of the boy is Dimitri's three-piece formal suit of unerring elegance (\$450). The wool-gabar-dine jacket with grosgrain lapels has a matching vest, a classic touch that looks new again. Also returning is the wing-collar shirt to set off a butterfly bow tie. Photographed at the entrance of the Fairmont Hotel in New Orleans.

## The Gleneagles Look:



## The Great Western Shirt

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## THE COUNTRY RAINCOAT

This raincoat from Authentic Imports (\$75) is as long on practicality as it is on looks. Like the traditional riding raincoat, it is made of rubberized cotton that will keep you dry in a downpour. To keep you comfortable, there are ventilation grommets at the armpits. On the style side, it features a short, mid-thigh length, raglan sleeves and a deep, button-tab back center pleat that is shoulder high. Worn with it is a natural-color, wool-blend, cable crew-neck sweater by Jantzen (\$22.50) and a wool-and-nylon shirt in a pine green, brown and cream country plaid by Greighton (\$21). The cream corduroy trousers are from Country Britchee (\$27.50).



Savvy—The country look with contemporary twist. Captured in a double-knit hopsack jacket (about \$25), slacks of non-glitter, 100% Dacron® polyester (about \$18), and a Country Gentlemen shirt (about \$15). Leather-like buttons accent the dapper jacket and unique pocket flaps on the slacks. Another "Tops & Bottoms" idea from The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

**Lee** A company of VF Corporation





## THE COUNTRY SHIRT

A tattersall cotton-fannel shirt is such a perennial favorite it has become an institution. For this fall's leaf-raking, walks in the woods, trips to the store, touch-football games and general lounging around, consider this classic country shirt with epaulettes in white, navy and brown checks by Career Club (\$13). It has a straight bottom that could be worn outside your trousers, but *Esquire* thinks it looks best tucked in. The deep brown leather belt is by Coach Leatherware (\$10). The paisley scarf is by Dumont.

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## THE OVERSHIRT

Falling between a jacket and a shirt, the overshirt can function as either. Top left, Pendleton's white and black blanket-plaid overshirt (\$39.50) is of very heavy wool. The saddle-stitched cowhide belt is by Tex Tan (\$5). Top right, the brushed-wool-and-acrylic overshirt in camel, brown and navy is by Sero (\$24), the stirrider belt by Harrods House (\$4.50). With both outfits is a ribbed, acrylic turtleneck by Raffee Wear (\$25). Bottom left, Robert Bruce's camel, rust and navy plaid, wool-and-nylon-blend overshirt (\$32), an Alan Paine Shetland sweater (\$22.50) and Enzo plaid shirt (\$15). Bottom right, Arrow's red, camel, navy and white cotton-flannel overshirt (\$14) and bulky turtleneck (\$15).



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and shirt sweater, \$25,  
by Evan Picone.

All prices are approximate.  
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## THE OUTDOOR CARDIGAN

The season's bulky cardigans are meant for the man who watches his football in the stadium instead of on TV. This warm, roomy and rugged one by Media (\$25) is all acrylic, cable knit and has a shawl collar. Also by Media is the coarse-weave wool-blend shirt (\$18) in a plaid of browns and tans. Equally for the outdoors is this Swank suede split-cowhide belt (\$7).

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## THE TWEEDY PULLOVER

Here's another sweater for the outdoor man, this time a bulky tweed-look V-neck pullover of wool and acrylic by Bernini (\$43). It's in a variegated design of rust, camel and black. Under the sweater is a forest green, camel and rust plaid shirt by Enzo (\$18). The scarf is by Ashow. Here again, the trousers are cream-tan Country Britches corduroys. They go with anything.



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## SUEDES

The shoes here and to follow are all country casual. Esquire's pick of the suedes starts top left with the soft "Guru" shoe by Dexter (\$27). It has a molded rubber sole, blunt toe and leather trim. Top right is Clark's hand-stitched shoe with a deep, wrap-around crepe sole (\$34). Bottom, the saddle-stitched shoe with crepe sole and heel is by G. M. Bass (\$32).



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rifle \$35. For further information write Dept. TE, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97207.



## SMOOTH LEATHER

These three smooth-leather shoes are modeled after the standard workman's shoe. At top left, the russet brown "Chukka Boot" is in cowhide with bread crepe soles, from Wolverine World Wide (\$30). At top right is a mustard gold shoe with wedge crepe soles and foam-filled ankle guard, by Weyenberg (\$30). Bottom, Dexter's tan shoe with a wedge rubber sole (\$27).

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## FINALE

Meanwhile, back at the penthouse, the city slicker reaches for evening jewelry by Coty Award winner Aldo Cipullo. Above, the wing-back screw cuff link in solid eighteen-carat gold is about \$350, but you get the other one free. At right, solid gold worked into a screw pillbox for the aspirin you'll need when you hear the price: a heady \$1,060. Consider them inflation hedges.

















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**DINING IN/OUT  
WITH ESQUIRE**

When a restaurant's popularity surpasses its size and there is no room to enlarge, the owner, however reluctant, starts looking for other quarters. That was the case with Henri Le Treuillon. His L'Escarpet had a twelve-year run at Third Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, before he decided to move several blocks north and west to 67 West Fifty-fifth Street. Since, a tall, thin man who seems to be everywhere at once, and his wife Rene were lucky in finding a spot that had been created by another restaurant, and the old L'Escarpet closed in Christmas 1977 and the new opened on Fifty-fifth Street on the eve of New Year's. With it that much they made changes in the kitchen (individual menu-making was left for the summer), groomed the dining room, added personnel to take care of the doubled seating, and implemented their longtime strategy.

Each of L'Escarpet's dining rooms has its own personality. The main room is much as it was before: the mellow walls and banquettes are a bit warmer in tone, the lighting more subdued, the colorful paintings by Van Landuyt still dominate. The other room, which is entirely separate, has a long bar, followed by the owner's desk, only which Rene presides. At the end of the dining room, you may catch her talking to some weekend parties of thirty-two women and British people; these are five or six of those who, she describes being the one at the far end of the room, a very large person which took her fifty weeks to finish. Rene says to the Mary Norton of restaurateurs:

L'Escarpet is open every day for lunch (twelve to three) and dinner (five to eleven) except Sunday. Complete luncheon hours in the bar and waiters under \$6. A few of the many have d'arrives on the menu at lunch and

dinner take an added charge; appetizers are excellent here, as they should be, and are worth the added \$1.75. Complete dinners are from \$12.50 (veal, lamb, veal, Bordeaux) to \$20.00 (lamb, duck). There are specials every day; recently it was rib-shell crabs that had just come into season, (\$5.00 at lunch). At dinner it was beef Wellington (\$22.50). There are about ten dozen entries on the menu, and variations are possible. Tryp it is made de Catin, the most popular triple dish in France, and escarpet's escarpet are very good. A few years ago the odd station, such as lobster, salmon, stuffed scallops, peas, and chef's salad, were taken off the menu when all came around. Now they are on all year long.

Four specialties "de la maison" are ready for dinner: chateaubout and rack of lamb, served for two at \$19, steak au poivre at \$20, and succulent Bordeaux at \$20.

L'Escarpet makes some of its desserts, the delicious fruit tarts displayed at the entrance, a rich chocolate mousse, strawberries, Roseau's of course. Baked apple might be passed over at a French restaurant, but here it is naturally good and even if set on the menu it is generally available. A few of the desserts take an extra charge, such as bûche de chocolat, orange soufflé and chocolate jellies.

The owner does all his own buying, including the wine, and some of this is quite reasonably priced.

L'Escarpet is a family affair. Except for a couple of week's vacation in France, the owner and his wife are at the restaurant whenever customers are there; son Marc is a captain, two young daughters sometimes help their mother.

On the floor above the dining room is a room for private parties, a special menu and prices are given on request. Reservations: 244-4268.

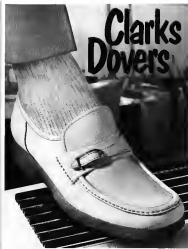


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ends with him, and he provides a saving distance for much of the opera world's audience. When a Beverly student died him for not applauding his own work vigorously enough, he replied, "I am her husband, not a cheerleader!" When the head of the Naples chorus came to bedder with Beverly for his "papa," he was a good deal of company. When he returned after a rehearsal and said, "I apologize; you need no diagnosis," Greenough said, "How you got a fix?"

They have been devotees of Harvard for about as long as there has been a Harvard, but Lucy will never go there. Although Beverly has given up pursuing honorary degrees, she accepted one from Harvard last June, on one condition—that it be awarded her by her married name. Except all the Greenoughs who have gone to Harvard in the past, there has never before been a J.W. Greenough, and now—when they are Beverly.

Even at the premiere, with her career entered and all the screams conquered, it is easy to underestimate Beverly: She pretends herself from her father's side, with some managing and an impish way even onstage. Called in at the last minute to do Prometta in a production she had never seen before, she played the last scene to try, to some say, disfigure it. Her eyes must have been uncontrolled tears—and those who saw it believe this must have been her best performance as Violetta. She likes the stage, and in adventure in her act of it. When I asked her why she never plays Gill-Durbin's great part, Violetta's Gilda, in *La Traviata*, she replied, "Gilda's such a sap." Suppose that Riviera? That Gilda has only one duty, and is remembered by her father as the great ensemble singer. Beverly likes her part roles with her self at the center. She also likes them to last a half a night, then a week. Then, a knock of the door or the window. She plays her music, all fresh from the country of the spirit, with a controlled ardor. "She's been smiling in the box already," she confided one afternoon. "I should thank you morning. We're working on *Giuseppe* before next season, and I played the scene with her son in an interesting way. It may work." Mr. Gagnon was not enthusiastic about the interpretation. When I asked him if he thought she would stay it that way onstage, he said, "I don't think she can resist it."

Even her Anne Boleyn trait to achieve as long as she can. When Percy assailed to Henry his earlier betrothal to Anne, the Queen, though she loves Percy, is not yet willing to do with him. She asks him if he would like her to do with him. Percy's new wife her fate—it gives Henry just the excuse he needs for annulling his second marriage and moving on to Anne. It even allows him to be rid of a lot of self-righteous meddling, in his briefly triumphant vengeance upon her. Greenough says, "I don't see it." Percy WILL that's a lot more. Enough to drive a woman mad.

Which, of course, it does. For her last season, Anne comes to London triumphantly with the same state she descended with her spark spurring him two years ago. She is now led onstage with her, has been tutored into lowering on her. The second has descended her. The show is still saying, but even more intensely, that the Queen is in very hot trouble. She has the sense of all these opera-premieres Ophelias at last gone around the bend. It is her wedding day, after all—not to Henry, of course, to Percy. But Percy is angry at her for something, she cannot remember what. William's hysteria may help in the production look up to think of Pre-Raphaelite ideas as always walking on some cliff of almost riskier and nervous moments and a little—just a little—more of falling off.

At one point in this review, Anne looks her inevitable old-school back up the same ways she grew up. At the production itself. . . . It is at moments like this, as she looks at dusk about a mile above her own childhood, up the stairs, that Beverly's self-reliance feels her own real life in something too too great until her act. Peter Judge may note that John Beethoven, for all her vocal perfection, or even Maria, with that unquenchable laughter, cannot achieve the pathos of the last scene, reaching at itself. "Give us back her head, if only a drop. . . ." Because she never was a girl, she will always be one. Art creates what nature lacked. This is real life.

She turns to poor blooded Doctor, and asks for a song about her. Not the lyrics, unfortunately, but destroyed herself with some, just as he has. Her lyrics in music "Sweet little angel" At last she looks, for a proper rest out of the last of the last of the last. Home Sweet Home—praying the death on her honeymoon, to a hymn. The Mendels is at other's prayers. It is a real scene for some reason, almost happy, then disturbed. Little wonders the stage still looking at her husband's head, but Anne is returned from marriage by the king's evil act. One in the case for her own, Anne thought and her death is a tragedy.

But then the last words of the unexpected, of some played against him, Donetti proving his stature even for it. This scene, which has faded into an understanding as a flower-petal Opheila in the Midas potter, ends in a fierce vendetta song, soloists to the proper occasion. Anne may begin her return with a delicious solo of the king's error song. Crippin' (sings)—the wrong new new being Anne and Henry. It has the best of a sorrowful song, a perfume in a note. Yet it is not only the song, along with Anne's life like a victim, and the wronger, Anne is not out beyond madness, to some irreversibility point of opportunity, and the perfect forgiveness for the old man. The song is a formal procedure. "You know"—it is not the end. "Killing up through the vendetta strain until after that that speaks of freedom. To complete the paradox, Donetti has

the truth climb, step by step, on the wood stage—the plays as she descends to death. These are the "dramatic truth" that drive the fatigue of a long time. The form like Queen Anne's. And the Edict is coming any second. All her affecting dreams of childhood had lived under the pillars thrust at that ugly body. It is too much to ask of a soprano after this long night of misadventure. Parts recedes and returns once more, the Queen's constant connection with the stage and after action, her courage and power that had by transgression of sound heard her. In this, even now, to think of the E-trail of this scene, to keep looking up phantoms redemption from this desperate last hope.

Maria Callas, recording this scene in her prime, makes the soloists back with a halfish mockery. For one thing, the truth are beyond her, and without their happiness during the song's drive, Donetti's passion fades. At the point, technique is the meaning Callas gives, and her truth like a grasping of both "Fugue" and "The end" in this scene. The soloists indeed? Parts could grow and stay like Maria. But she could also do much more upward with a shaped note on each step—Donetti gave her a first-at chance to prove that in the quiet that brought Percy and Anne together in Henry's night. Maria could do that. "Give us back her head, if only a drop." Because she never was a girl, she will always be one. Art creates what nature lacked. This is real life.

And now she is. She lets it clean, and holds it—and doesn't let, just slightly, she doesn't honor the meter out as she holds "No class." A Callas advocate told me later in his book "The artist," and a John Bar. But she had just bounded, like her own reputation song would disappear far her own, beyond such extensions. One might even guess what Shalimar felt when his popularity came true. —

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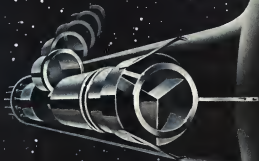
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